

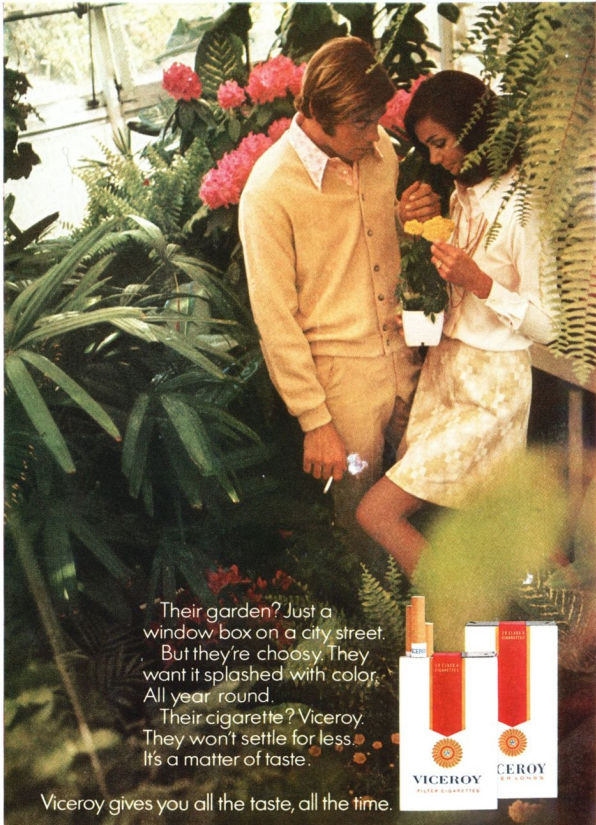
FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 10, 1970

**Middle East:
Push for Peace**

TIME

**Secretary
of State
Rogers**




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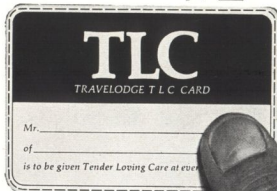
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LETTERS

Profit and Progress

Sir: Re your Ford cover [July 20], while business must concern itself in not thwarting the well-being of society, its social responsibility must not be expanded to include public policymaking and program implementation. We have no guarantee whatever that corporate leaders' personal values will be reflective of community or national values. On the contrary, it is likely that these values will be capricious, untested by the ballot box and, ultimately, subject to continuing firm profitability.

Mr. Ford's concern ("I think we have got to establish a list of priorities, and I am not sure exactly what those priorities should be") is well founded but misses the point. The real issue is *whose* priorities they should be.

STUART J. SAVAGE

Chicago

Sir: I hope that when you next discuss social responsibility in business, you will include the other half of the human race and remember the ladies.

PATRICIA ANNE MATHEWS
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sir: I read with great interest the article "The Executive as Social Activist." I could not help noting the parallels in ideas between your article and a speech given recently by General Motors Chairman James M. Roche.

One of the key points made in your article and by Mr. Roche is the interrelation between profit and social progress. In fact, Mr. Roche said, "business cannot fulfill its social obligations unless it makes a prof-

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it; it cannot earn a profit for long if it ignores its obligations to society."

DR. CHARLES J. FRANK

Milwaukee

The 26th Street Shuffle

Sir: Cities need dogs about as much as farm country needs taxicabs [July 20]. Evidently, neurotic people need dogs and are bent on being cruel to them by keeping them caged in studio apartments. It is nauseating to see someone "disciplining" an animal for running or jumping, which is instinctive to it. As for the ecological aspect, in my area of Manhattan, we have devised a dance called the 26th Street Shuffle, which only results in keeping one's shoes presentable.

DOROTHY C. GRANT

Manhattan

Sir: Dogs don't spit, drop cigarette butts, discard used gum, beer cans, candy and food wrappers, dirty Kleenex; they don't even use subways, where the stench is often not to be believed. As a Manhattan dog owner, I spend a good deal of each day looking at this city's streets and gutters. Most of the debris and filth is left behind by humans, not dogs.

DIANE HYND

Manhattan

Sir: TIME, you can't opt for the demise of dogs and man's true friend. I have had in my lifetime three wives and 14 dogs. And guess what? I'll take the dogs any day. They are loyal, loving and lack the penchant for pollution that my three help-mates had.

JACK WILLIAMS

San Francisco

Under the Gun

Sir: Your suggestion [July 13] that a federal law be enacted to discourage legal ownership of firearms would realistically affect only those who legally seek to own firearms, since criminals, by the definition, respect nor obey the law. The true issue is the prevention of the criminal misuse of firearms. I most strongly feel that your ill-conceived idea will never become law, but if it should, in my considered opinion, it would not be upheld by the Supreme Court, since some rather basic constitutional provisions would have been violated.

MICHAEL J. YATKEMAN
Attorney

St. Louis

Sir: As you note, in your fine article, until we systematically improve both our courts and our correctional institutions, eradicate the insidious evil of narcotics addiction and cure the pervasive underlying social maladies that engender crime, even the most efficient police force cannot be expected to prevent the crime now ravaging our society.

It is also clear, however, that so long as the basic causes of crime exist, we shall continue to rely heavily upon our police to serve as our front line of defense against the lawlessness. In this regard, it is imperative that we provide our police with the kind of support that is equal to the sensitive, complex and dangerous nature of this task. First, to support our local police, we must start controlling the guns of violence that are killing them. Second, we must also provide our police with much better education, training and pay. Finally, we must relieve them from the time-consuming task of attending to es-

entially nonlaw-enforcement problems, such as public drunkenness.

JOSEPH D. TYDINGS
Senator

Washington, D.C.

Recent History

Sir: As a fellow nonsmoking teetotaler, I read with interest your report of John Kaplan's findings regarding marijuana [July 20]. I agree with all the points mentioned, but I wonder if he has gone back far enough in his evaluation of the prejudice against marijuana and its users. The laws concerning its use were made in the 1930s when most users were black or Spanish-surnamed Americans. For some time I have viewed the marijuana laws as having been passed perhaps unconsciously as a way to harass these minorities.

Another facet that should be noted is our American passion for aggressiveness, which permits us to tolerate the alcoholic behavior of an aggressive type but not tolerate marijuana-induced passivity.

In my contact with marijuana users, I have yet to meet one who beat his wife or children while under the influence.

DENNY W. WALTERS, M.D.

Butler, Pa.

Lost Laugh

Sir: The TIME Essay on our lack of laughter [July 20] is immensely cheering. I had begun to wonder if it were just me.

Recently I read of a pair of intense young parents who said that they take their leisure time with their children "very seriously." One wonders—suppose one of the children made a mistake and accidentally laughed?

So many children raised by deadly serious and overconscientious parents have had humor programmed out. Some of our young people do seem awfully dreary. Their bizarre mod costumes suggest the sad clowns of the circus.

(MRS.) NANCY A. GOSS

Forest Hills, N.Y.

S O S

Sir: "The Agonies of Acronymia" [July 20] are nothing new to the United States Navy. The rather familiar CINCPAC (Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet) came into existence only after Pearl Harbor. Prior to that the fleet had simply been known as the United States Fleet, resulting in the commander's rather embarrassing title: CINCUS.

QUINTIN F. KENNEDY

White Bear Lake, Minn.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Example: Arnold Bakers Inc., an eastern-based company, ran its 1969 campaign in the regional editions of national magazines known for quality food ideas and recipes. One ad carried an offer for a sandwich booklet—just a line and a half in small type at the bottom of the ad. It pulled over 3000 responses. Arnold Bakers attribute their success directly to their magazine advertising and say, "Magazines covered our entire distribution system, reaching the minds of our best potential customers, delivering lasting impressions which no other medium had provided within the scope of our budget. We call that powerful advertising."

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Price of Peace

Some casualties of the Viet Nam War will never surface in the statistics. One of them is Morihiro Matsuda, a Korean who now lives in Japan. Four years ago, Matsuda put his life savings into \$63,800 worth of advertising in five U.S. and British newspapers. His message: a tortuous 12,325-word essay arguing that peace in Viet Nam can be achieved only if the U.S. and the Communists make mutual concessions. The U.S., he said, should lay out as much as \$10 billion, if necessary, to construct a "paradise" for Vietnamese victims of the war. Today Matsuda, who once owned an apartment house and a prosperous mail-order business in body-building equipment, is alone and broke, driving a truck in Yokohama. Because of his idealistic extravagance, his wife divorced him, taking their sons with her.

The Week That Is

Despite war, smog and calamity, Americans have a chance this week to find relief from gloom. For one thing, it is National Smile Week, with Actors Raymond Bailey and Irene Ryan of *The Beverly Hillbillies* as king and queen. It is also National Beauty Queen Week. "to call local and national attention to the promotion of beauty queens and their value to the economy"—though the cause took a small set-

back last week when 18-year-old Robyn Louise Rawers, monarch of Redwood City, Calif., was arrested for stealing clothes and cash from a sports shop. Best of all, Tuesday is Lizzie Borden Liberation Day. While the jury acquitted the famous lady from Fall River, Mass., popular legend has long since convicted her of parricide in the bloody 1892 ax murders. "Fortunately there are some of us alive who will never accept her guilt," says Bill Rabe of Sault Sainte Marie, Mich., spokesman for the 1,000-member Friends of Lizzie Borden. Each of Lizzie's friends commemorates the 78th anniversary of her parents' deaths in his own way. Rabe walks to the outskirts of Sault Sainte Marie carrying an ax, buries it in an unsuspecting oak tree, strolls back into town and gets drunk.

The Bounty Mutiny

The fishermen around Fort Bragg, Calif., a coastal town 140 miles north of San Francisco, had just about had it with the Federal Government. Over the past six years, the fleet of 300-ft. Soviet trawlers plying their waters has grown to 17 vessels, and none of the American fishermen's protests to Washington produced any results. The Soviets, they say, are fishing inside the U.S. twelve-mile limit and depleting the salmon grounds by using small-mesh nets, forbidden to the Californians. So the men took things into their own hands. They formed a vigilante group

called American Waters for American Fishermen. By last week they had collected a fund of \$6,314 to use for bounties to anyone who catches a Soviet trawler inside the limit and gets the Coast Guard to impound it. No one has yet collected any of the money, but something seems to be working. For reasons unknown, seven of the 17 trawlers departed the Northern California coast last week.

Select Company

Even before the Norman Conquest, the English foot was decreed to equal the length of 36 barleycorns laid end to end. The 10th century King Edgar ordered that the legal yard was the distance from the tip of his nose to the end of his middle finger. From such whims grew the system of weights and measures that has bogged down the English-speaking world in the non-decimal swamp of pounds and ounces, bushels and pecks, acres and furlongs. The simpler system of meters, grams and liters, invented in France around 1800, spread through Napoleonic Europe in the early 19th century; it is now used by more than 90% of the earth's population.

Even the British, who started it all, plan to complete converting to the metric system by 1975. The National Bureau of Standards is now mulling the question of U.S. conversion. While its report is not due until next summer, some guesses are that the U.S. might need as much as 20 years and billions of dollars to switch. The U.S. is already the sole major industrial power that is neither using the metric system nor committed to adopting it. The only other countries that still refuse to abandon the ancient and intricate English measurements are Ceylon, Gambia, Guyana, Jamaica, Liberia, Malawi, Nigeria and Sierra Leone.



MATSUDA



SMILERS AT WORK

Welcome relief from smog and calamity.



THE REAL LIZZIE

Nixon: The Beach and the Budget

TECHNICALLY it was a "working visit to the Western White House," but there was a leisurely air to President Nixon's stay in San Clemente last week. The California sun deepened the presidential tan, and his spirits seemed to lift by several degrees. He piloted his fringe-topped golf cart, dubbed Cushman One, through the cool morning mist from his home to the office complex. He left his desk in midafternoon to stroll on his beloved beach, where the waves break far out and roll in parallel white lines to the shore. After the long and tumultuous spring, Richard Nixon was recharging.

His biggest preoccupation last week, aside from preparing for a press conference, was the state of the economy and the prospects for the federal budget. His chief fiscal adviser, George Shultz (see box, following page), arrived laden with his budget papers, agendas and reports. During three days of discussions between the President and a circle of top aides, the tone was philosophical but the omens inauspicious. In the fiscal year just ended, the federal budget slid from the \$1.5 billion surplus predicted in February to a \$2.9 billion deficit.

Political Specter. The Administration's efforts to slow the economy led to a downturn in receipts from corporate income taxes, which helped vaporize the hoped-for surplus. The current fiscal year looks still worse. "If everything goes wrong," as one Administration official put it, the deficit could climb as high as \$15 billion. Some Administration experts conclude that a \$7 to \$10 billion deficit may be necessary to stave off a serious recession.

What happens to the economy is the principal political specter haunting Nixon now. A Gallup poll gave Nixon a 61% overall approval rating last week, highest in six months, but Nixon has been regularly getting his lowest popularity marks for his handling of the economy. If the economy does not turn around sufficiently in the second half of 1970, great numbers of Nixon's new-found blue-collar supporters could well vote Democratic in the November congressional elections.

Nixon and his men came to no firm conclusions about federal budgeting for the future, though a total figure in the neighborhood of \$225 billion was discussed for next year. In any case, the budget for the fiscal year that begins in July 1971 need not be submitted to Congress for six months. It presents serious problems. By the most dire Administration estimates, the projected deficit for that year could reach \$23 billion—uncomfortably close to the highly inflationary \$25 billion deficit that Lyndon Johnson ran up in 1968.

Nixon's press conference at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles reflected more his California cheer than

his fiscal problems. Half of his questioners were from California papers, and Nixon carefully explained his aim: "I think this whole program of bringing Government to the people can be served by having the White House go to the country from time to time."

He expressed his hopes—fulfilled the next day—that Israel would join Egypt



NIXON AT LOS ANGELES PRESS CONFERENCE
Back in Washington, some dilemmas.

and Jordan in accepting the American proposals for a truce in the Middle East (see THE WORLD). He defended the U.S. military posture vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, and he assured his questioners that the U.S. and South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu share a common policy of opposition to a "negotiated or imposed" coalition government in Saigon that would include Communists. He discomfited some of his national audience by explaining that the number of federal aides sent to the South to advance school desegregation would be determined by requests from Southern officials. There was some confusion later over whether the President had stated Administration policy accurately; he was obviously trying to make a conciliatory gesture toward the South.

At just one point did the presidential calm seem strained. In a report made public by the White House two weeks

ago, Vanderbilt University Chancellor Alexander Heard chided the President for failure to listen to the complaints of the nation's college students. Asked his reaction, Nixon answered testily: "For university presidents and professors and other leaders to put the blame for the problems of the universities on the Government primarily I think is very shortsighted." In a startling echo of a Black Panther slogan, now widely popular among U.S. radicals, Nixon contended: "We're reforming Government to make it more responsive to the people, more power to the people rather than more power in Washington, D.C." Even if that is done, Nixon believes that "the shallowness, the superficiality that many college students find in college curricula" will still be a campus irritant.

Is That All? Nixon ventured a couple of touches of wry humor, something he rarely does in a press conference. "I do not accept the proposition that the Vice President represses people. It seems to me that people are very free in speaking up about the Vice President. Many of them do to me." And: "I recall once having comments about the press in California when I was here,* and that didn't seem to get me very far. All I can say now is that I just wish I had as good a press as my wife has." The President seemed to be enjoying himself more than usual. When Earl ("Squire") Behrens of the San Francisco Chronicle offered the traditional "Thank you, Mr. President" at the end, Nixon inquired somewhat plaintively: "Is that all?"

That was all for then, but when the President returns to Washington this week, he will have to confront some difficulties that have surfaced in his absence. The Congress has faced him with a dilemma by passing a \$4.4 billion education appropriation that is \$453 million more than he requested. He wants to insist on keeping spending down, and spoke at the press conference of a possible veto, but he will have even more trouble making a veto stick than he did with the \$19.7 billion labor appropriation last January. The congressional votes were overwhelming on the education bill, 357 to 30 in the House, 88 to 0 in the Senate. He will also confront another serious challenge to further deployment of his Safeguard antiballistic missile system. While his supporters contend that at the very least ABM is a vital bargaining counter in the arms-limitation negotiations with the Soviet Union, Senate opponents of Safeguard plan to mount a heavy attack on it during debate over the \$19.2 billion military-procurement authorization bill.

* After he lost the 1962 California gubernatorial election, Nixon announced to reporters: "You won't have Nixon to kick around any more because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference."

The Administration: George Shultz Has Arrived

WHEN he moved across town to the White House a month ago, he gave up a Cabinet post as Secretary of Labor and a much-publicized Cadillac limousine. In exchange, as head of the new Office of Management and Budget, George Shultz acquired huge powers. He was to assume authority not only over the crucial area of budget making, but was also to supervise the monitoring of some 1,000 federal programs. But there is often an immense difference between an official's paper powers and his real influence. Shultz is bland and quiet. Would he be able to penetrate the tight White House staff hierarchy and make his presence felt? The answer is in. Shultz has arrived—dramatically.

The evidence is plentiful and persuasive. When South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond vented his anger at the Nixon Administration's school desegregation policies in the South, it was Shultz rather than Justice or HEW officials who briefed the press on the Administration's intentions. As a battle over foreign trade policy continues in the Congress, it is Shultz rather than Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans who is explaining Nixon's preferences. When Nixon decided to warn Congress that it must hold down spending to check inflation, it was again Shultz rather than a member of the speechwriting staff who wrote the statement.

Last week, as Nixon concentrated on budgetary matters at San Clemente, Shultz was ubiquitous. He defended the

Administration's fiscal management as effective. He faced reporters when it was revealed that the wholesale price index had risen another three-tenths of 1% in July, and he admitted candidly that it was too much of a hike. He organized a series of almost philosophical discussions of budget priorities for the President.

According to the tidy White House organization charts, the key influence on presidential decisions in all but foreign affairs ought to be the Domestic Affairs Council, headed by John Ehrlichman. But the Shultz franchise of supervising the cash enmeshes him in policy decisions. The Shultz shop is currently analyzing the model cities program, advising Nixon whether to veto the new education bill, even dealing

with such specific problems as how to handle the Indians occupying Alcatraz.

One White House aide explains the relationship between Shultz and Ehrlichman: "It's Ehrlichman's job to gas up the car, and it's Shultz's job to drive it." But it is not working out that way. Shultz has emerged as a persistent and broad-gauged man who can deal with policy issues even while handling administrative chores. Ehrlichman is primarily an administrative technician. "The President felt that he was not getting hold of the bureaucracy," one official says. "That's what he wants Shultz to do for him." And he is doing it.

Also, Shultz has much more—and more able—manpower on his staff than does Ehrlichman. His 330 professionals are among the best in Washington, whereas Ehrlichman has a staff of 20, many of whom have limited experience in government.

Beyond budgetary power, the key to Washington influence is closeness to the President, and already Shultz has more regular access to Nixon than anyone else except National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger. As one of the top hands in Ehrlichman's office puts it: "If you're talking about confidence in judgment, then nobody's closer than Shultz. If you're talking about accessibility, then nobody has it better. He's on a walk-in basis." Shultz's success is one of the major surprises of this Administration. He has already become something very close to an Assistant President.



DEFENSE

Shaping the Amorphous Lump

When President Nixon last year appointed his special "Blue Ribbon Panel" to study organization and operations of the Defense Department, he asked the members to be unsparing in their criticism. He has no reason now to be disappointed. The group, chaired by Gilbert Fitzhugh, the cruelly candid board chairman of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., came out last week with one of the most sweeping—and critical—studies of a U.S. Government department ever undertaken. The result of a full year's work, the three-pound, 237-page report contains 113 recommendations and forms a blueprint for the total administrative reorganization of the nation's military establishment.

Organizational Nightmare. Covering every phase of Defense Department operations, the panel found the Pentagon an organizational nightmare in which conflicting loyalties, vaguely defined responsibilities and excessive centralization of authority hamper civilian control and prevent efficient operation. "It's just an amorphous lump with nobody

in charge of anything," said Fitzhugh at a news conference. "There is nobody you can point your finger at if anything goes wrong, and there is nobody you can pin a medal on if it goes right, because everything is everybody's business. What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

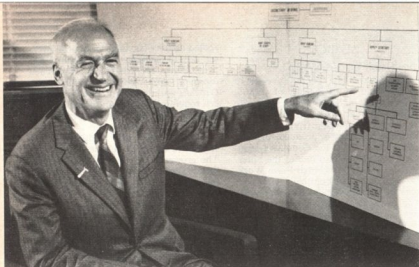
The report's recommendations are as significant as its findings, because they would completely overhaul the command structure. Under the proposed plan, the 27 separate subdivisions that now report directly to the Secretary of Defense would be realigned into three functional groups: one for military operations, one for handling personnel and material resources, and one for managing finances and performing evaluation and testing of weapons systems. Each would be headed by a Deputy Secretary of Defense reporting directly to the Secretary. The Secretary's office staff, now 3,000 persons, would be cut by at least 40%.

The panel also opted for partial disarmament of the powerful Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Chiefs now function in a triple role, serving not only as commanders of their respective services and as military advisers to the President

but also as military staff in the chain of operational command between the Secretary of Defense and forces in the field. The Fitzhugh panel would relieve the chiefs of their operational responsibilities, reassign the job to a single senior military officer with a separate staff of his own.

The Chiefs are already overburdened by their functions as service commanders and military advisers. They are inhibited in the decision-making process by the very nature of their organization, and now spend much of their time arguing over the interests of the individual services. The results of these arguments can be delays in carrying out presidential orders, which could be damaging when speed is essential. A single senior officer with overall operational responsibility could act on his own, have U.S. forces on the move in hours.

Eliminating Overlap. The panel's proposed reorganization goes even farther. U.S. combat forces and their direct support components are now assigned to two functional or "specified" commands (SAC and the Continental Air Defense Command) and six commands that combine functional and area responsibilities. Fitzhugh found some commands so lack-



PENTAGON CRITIC FITZHUGH EXPLAINING REORGANIZATION
What is everybody's business is nobody's.

ing in coordination that he glumly predicted: "Our own defensive weapons could shoot down our own offensive weapons." To avoid such a calamity, the panel proposed creation of three new commands instead of the present line-up: a single strategic command, composed of SAC, CONAD and the Fleet Ballistic Missile Operations; a tactical command composed of all general-purpose combatant units, and a logistics command to support all combat forces.

The realignment would attempt to eliminate much of the overlap between existing commands and fill many of the gaps. It would also prevent the kind of confusion between two commands that developed when the Pentagon was ordered to evacuate Americans from the Middle East during the 1967 Arab-Israeli war. The Strike Command (STRICOM), assuming that it was to manage the operation, sent a command aircraft to Europe. But in the confusion over who was actually to take charge, the plane was stopped at the Azores, then allowed to proceed on to Greece. Only then was the decision made to place the European Command (EUCOM) in charge of the evacuation and to direct it to execute STRICOM's operational plans.

No phase of the Defense Department's operations escaped the Fitzhugh panel's scrutiny. Items:

PROCUREMENT POLICIES that have until now permitted concurrent development and production of weapons systems are to be scrapped. Just before the report was released, the Defense Department adopted Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's "fly before you buy" plan, under which production decisions will be deferred pending thorough testing and evaluation. The panel would also break up mammoth weapons contracts where possible, thereby involving more suppliers. The aim is to avoid cost overruns that occur when a single large corporation underbids initially, then fails to stay with the initial estimates.

INTELLIGENCE EVALUATION, now a significant organizational deficiency, would be improved. Finding that both the Defense Intelligence Agency and individual military intelligence services gather too much information and profitably use too little, the Fitzhugh panel recommended that all such functions be directed by the proposed Deputy Secretary of Defense for Operations. It also proposed creation of a Net Assessment Group reporting directly to the Secretary of Defense and responsible

for the evaluation of both U.S. and enemy military capabilities, a vital function now performed by no one.

PERSONNEL would be made more efficient through improvement of promotion procedures and better utilization of civilians. Citing a study showing that generals and admirals on the way up hold specific assignments for an average of only 14 months, the panel proposed longer assignments and greater promotion opportunities for senior officers in specialized positions.

Reaction to the Fitzhugh report was mixed. Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, an outspoken Pentagon critic, supported some of the panel's recommendations, but branded the sections dealing with defense contractors "self-serving." The Joint Chiefs of Staff made no secret of their displeasure over the recommendation to strip them of some of their power, though publicly they were silent. Fitzhugh, who briefed the Chiefs before releasing the report, described them as "less than enthusiastic." The same description applies to at least two panel members. Robert Jackson, board chairman of Ryan Aeronautical Co., and Wilfred McNeil, a director of Fairchild Hiller Corp., both filed dissenting opinions and recommended retention of the Chiefs' triple role.

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, however, seemed generally receptive to the panel's recommendations. Though he de-

Momentum of the Nuclear Contest

In its Aug. 3 issue, TIME published an open letter from Senior Correspondent John L. Steele to Dr. John S. Foster Jr., Director of Defense Research and Engineering. Steele pointed out what he considered substantive omissions in the Pentagon's comparison of U.S. nuclear strength with the Soviets'. Following is Foster's response:

Dear Mr. Steele:

I was interested to read your letter and I am pleased to respond. You suggest that: "The Soviets are indeed eight feet tall. But so are we." I agree. Perhaps if you had asked a question as did many other newsmen at my appearance before the Washington Overseas Writers Club, I could have better clarified my essential concern.

My point is that the Soviets are still growing, while we are not. They are growing in numbers of intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs), sea-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs), bombers, anti-ballistic missiles (ABMs) and radars. They have already passed us in total number of missile launchers. How many multiple re-entry vehicles (MRVs), or multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRVs) they might ultimately choose to place on

those launchers we cannot know because of their closed society.

What concerns me then, as I told you and your colleagues, is not the relatively equitable situation in 1970, but both the Soviets' massive strategic arms momentum and research and development momentum that threatened to make them nine or ten feet tall in the mid-1970s and afterward. We in the Department of Defense, as all Americans, hope that as a result of negotiations in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks an equitable agreement can be reached to limit strategic arms. We, as well as our negotiating team, regard orderly progress on the Safeguard ABM program as a key to our negotiating position at those vital talks.

My purpose was not to "scare hell out of the customers," as you suggest. I pointed out that I believe the U.S. is technologically superior to the Soviet Union today. I also pointed out that the U.S. does have forces of strategic sufficiency today. My concern is that there is a real danger that we will not be in such a position by 1975 or 1980 if present trends continue.

Respectfully yours,
John S. Foster Jr.

clined to comment on the proposal to trim the role of the Joint Chiefs, he assumes that a majority of the panel's recommendations would be adopted. The report's fate depends less on Congress than it does on Laird and the President. According to Fitzhugh, some 90% of the panel's recommendations can be achieved through presidential executive orders, subject only to an outright congressional veto.

ORGANIZATIONS

Gardner's Common Cause

John Gardner has been an academic, a Government adviser, a federal administrator and a foundation executive. Through it all, he has also been a social and political gadfly. Last week the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare announced that he was searching for broader wings and a sharper bite. To that end, he plans to organize a citizens' group that would attempt to influence and reform atrophied, unresponsive political institutions.

Tentatively called the Common Cause, it would function as a kind of superlobby, mobilizing widespread pressure to attack the national failures that have occupied Gardner since he left HEW and assumed leadership of the National Urban Coalition in 1968—inadequate housing, unemployment, poor education, poverty. "The purpose," he said, "should be to revitalize and needle both of the parties, and also to revitalize politics and Government at every level. The solutions aren't mysterious. Talk to any able city councilman, state assemblyman, Governor or mayor. City government is archaic. Most state governments are feeble. Congressional reform is a familiar topic but a very important one. As soon as a good man gets in, he's rendered incapable of being effective."

Gardner promised to head the effort himself. Just how this would affect his job with the Urban Coalition was unclear, but Gardner admitted that his association with the new "third force" cast doubts on the wisdom of retaining his present post. Contributions to lobbying groups are not tax-deductible, and keeping his job could jeopardize the coalition's tax-exempt status.

In the next few weeks he will undertake a round of television appearances to attract support for the Common Cause, and prepare a direct-mail campaign to 200,000 potential members. His long-range enrollment goal is 400,000, with participants contributing \$10 or \$15 a year. Could the organization become a political party? Gardner insisted that it would not even oppose or support individual candidates, let alone run its own men. He scoffed at rumors that once attributed presidential ambitions to him. On the other hand, he declined to echo General Sherman. "I never believed Sherman," he mused. "Did you?"

LABOR

The Black Eagle Wins

Cesar Chavez had spent the evening of July 25 speaking to a group of striking typographers in San Rafael, Calif. He came home weary to Delano at midnight only to find a message from John Giumarra Jr. The largest producer of table grapes in the U.S., the Giumarra family's company was also one of the bitterest foes of Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. After five years of Chavez's *la huelga*—the strike—against table-grape growers, and a few days of inconclusive confrontation the week before, Giumarra wanted to talk seriously. "No attorneys, just heart to heart," the message read.

Chavez called back and told Giumarra's father: "Gee, I'm so tired I

rooted conviction, some of his followers set fire to packing sheds, slashed the tires of growers' trucks and threatened foremen with physical punishment. Growers and their men bullied the strikers, roughing them up and sometimes arranging the "accidental" spraying of pickets with pesticides.

At first, Chavez's fledgling union seemed to have little chance of success. The growers had powerful political and financial allies in the state, and there was plenty of nonunion labor available to do the ill-paid, back-breaking vineyard work. But in 1968 Chavez applied what turned out to be a brilliant tactic: a nationwide boycott of table grapes. That move mustered wide support from urban liberals and succeeded in cutting the public demand for grapes—and thus the price the growers received—to the point where many producers suffered.

Like water slowly dripping onto limestone, Chavez's patient pressures finally eroded the ground beneath his opponents. A handful of employers, chiefly in the Coachella Valley to the south, yielded earlier this year. Boxes of their grapes, bearing the union's stylized black eagle, were exempt from the boycott. After the May harvest, the unionized growers found their grapes bringing 25¢ to \$1 more per box than boycotted produce. That hard proof of the eagle's economic pull broke the deadlock with the larger group of growers.

Mutual Victory. Last week in Delano, representatives of 26 major vineyards—producers of 50% of the state's table-grape crop—filed into the modest head-



CHAVEZ APPLAUDING JOHN GIUMARRA JR.

An end to anguish.

can't even talk," John Giumarra Sr. replied: "Don't talk, just listen." Chavez agreed: "We've been waiting for this for five years, so if you are willing to talk, I guess I will." They met at 2 a.m. in a Delano motel and talked for six hours. That morning there were full-fledged negotiations between a six-man U.F.W.O.C. team and 26 major grape growers from the rich San Joaquin Valley. The meetings went on for three days and through much of three nights. By the middle of last week, one of the most anguished disputes in the history of the American labor movement was over.

Eroded Ground. It was in dusty, sweltering Delano that *la huelga* began. A small group of predominantly Mexican-American farm workers led by Chavez met in a Roman Catholic church hall and voted to strike the vineyards. *La huelga* divided California's farm communities, pitting townsman against townsman. It produced conflicts that did credit to neither side. While Chavez preached nonviolence with deep-

quarters of Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee to announce their agreement to contracts recognizing the U.F.W.O.C. They provide for wages of \$1.80 per hour in the first year, plus 20¢ for each box of grapes; in the third year, the hourly wage will rise to \$2.10. When *la huelga* began, the going rates were \$1.10 per hour and 10¢ a box.

The growers' spokesman was the younger Giumarra, 29, an articulate Stanford law graduate. He expressed the relief felt by employers and workers alike. "We are happy that peace will come to this valley," he said. "It has been a mutual victory. With the power of the union, the power of the people and the ability of the men in this valley to grow the finest crops in the world, we can get these products into the marketplace where they can bring a higher return to the farmers, so that they can sit down at some future time and negotiate to give a higher return to the workers."

Giumarra's father remained combat-

live to the end, though he put a genial face on it as the negotiations concluded. "I enjoyed the fight while it lasted," he told Chavez. "You got to admit we Sicilians gave you a lot of trouble." Chavez, splendid in the embroidered Filipino shirt that he wears only on special occasions, was conciliatory toward his old adversary. "He was so relieved it was all over, and so were we," Chavez said.

All-Out War. The agreements with the Delano growers represented a historic victory. Still, as Chavez admits, the Delano settlement is only "the end of the beginning." The U.F.W.O.C. succeeded he believes, "because we said we are going to stay with it if it takes a lifetime." It may yet. While Chavez plans to move next into melons and citrus fruit, he has a jurisdictional problem to deal with first. Despite a 1966 no-raid pact between Chavez and the Teamsters, the Teamsters announced last week that they had reached agreements covering 5,000 farm workers in the Salinas Valley, mainly in lettuce, carrots, celery and strawberries. "This means all-out war," said Chavez.

He is dismayed by the Teamster challenge because it will divert him from more constructive ends. He wants to set up clinics, research programs on the effects of pesticide exposure, a library on the history of farm-worker organization, an experimental program of education for rural minority-group children. "All these dreams will have to wait for a while," he says regretfully. But even the Teamsters cannot distract Chavez from his basic goal. When he overhears his family complaining that the rival union challenged the U.F.W.O.C. first on grapes and now on lettuce, he tells them: "The fight is never about lettuce or grapes. It's always people."

YOUTH

Peace and Pot on Powder Ridge

A lean blond youth raised a bottle high, sipped of the red wine laced with acid, and said dreamily: "Canceled? We're not canceled. This time the chime is in rhyme, the sounds are all around." Apprehensive local officials, backed by court orders, had prevented some of the biggest names in the world of rock—Joe Cocker, Janis Joplin, Sly and the Family Stone—from performing at the Powder Ridge Ski area near Middlefield, Conn. Undaunted, some 20,000 youngsters turned the rockless affair into a cheerily noisy "people festival."

They made their own sound—laugher, interminable rapping, impromptu guitar-plucking, the blare of transistor radios, and finally a makeshift concert by nondescript local bands, with amplifiers powered by two ice-cream trucks. The most distinctive note was the brash hawking of drugs. "Good black hashish for \$3.50!" shouted one youth. Countered a bearded pusher: "Buy one tab of acid and get a free tab of smack!" Kids on bad trips were treated by vol-



BOB D'AMICO



BOB D'AMICO



BOB D'AMICO

FESTIVAL SCENES
Who can stop them?

unteer physicians, and were urged over a makeshift public-address system to "bring a few joints for the doctors." As the week progressed, drug abuse became a serious problem. Hundreds of youngsters suffered ill effects.

Indian Meditation. Moving gingerly to discourage the assemblage of a huge crowd without provoking violence, state police had announced that the 300 acres of green woodland was sealed off to all visitors, yet they made no attempt to prevent the thousands of invaders from reaching the site on foot. The authorities impeded the delivery of food and curtailed sanitary services, but made no move to evict the celebrators. They ignored the pot-pushing, the open love-making, the unblushing nudity of pond swimmers and sun bathers. The line between strict law enforcement and pragmatic reality was conveniently blurred. "What can they do?" asked one contented camper. "We're all staying."

So they did, many for nearly a week. Forewarned by Woodstock, most had brought enough food to last out their stay. Youths slept in the sun on air mattresses, crawled at night into tents of orange, green, yellow and blue canvas. The more spiritual-minded jammed into an Indian meditation tent. Attitudes toward the music ban varied. "When you alienate so many people, the revolution just picks up steam," said Pat Coons, 23, a camper from Connecticut. Waving to friends on a ski T-bar, a California youth expressed the dominant mood: "This whole thing is playing it lazy—it's a place to pass a smooth couple of days." Nevertheless, in its final days, the festival turned tedious for many as occasional rain and lack of sleep took their toll.

New Concept. It will take months to untangle the finances of the non-rock festival. The promoters reportedly sold 30,000 tickets at \$20 each. The ski-resort owners, Herman and Louis Zemel, broke with the promoters, a group of 15 men headed by Joseph Middleton of Atlanta and incorporated as Middleton Arts International. The Zemels accused the organizers of planning to provoke violence at the festival and then to profit by filming the disorder. The Zemels said they had some \$60,000 of the ticket money put away in escrow.

The promoters never even appeared at Powder Ridge. The Zemels were arrested for contempt of court for trying to recruit substitutes for the canceled star musicians. Though harassed and nearly voiceless, Herman Zemel insisted: "This crowd is beautiful." Middlefield's First Selectman Arthur Meckley, who opposed the festival, agreed that "these are good kids—but they are being taken by promoters who are after a fast buck." The event, he felt, had turned into something "no different from a fire or a flood or a disease."

If the kids were being victimized, few seemed to mind. In their enjoyment, they posed a new concept that may worry authorities elsewhere. If young-

sters just want to gather and groove together by the thousands, even without music, who is to stop them? And how?

There was a vastly different rock scene last week in Chicago, despite the admirable intentions of city authorities. They had planned to entertain young people with a series of admission-free concerts. Only a dozen officers were assigned to monitor the crowd of about 50,000 in Grant Park. And when the kids began ripping up the sound equipment and the band shell, then turned on the cops, most of the reinforced police contingent showed restraint.

The only question was just what had made the youngsters so angry. Some said that it was the notorious tardiness of Sly and the Family Stone, the featured rock group. Sly twice failed to appear at all at previous Chicago con-

certs and burned three cars including two police vehicles. The outnumbered officers, who could muster only about 400 men, alternately retreated under the barrage, then charged. Many youths fled, but about 3,000 remained to do battle until one patrolman finally opened fire with a revolver. About 40 other officers followed his example. "It was fear, man, fear," one patrolman later explained. When it was over, 150 people, including 91 policemen, had been injured. Three youths suffered gunshot wounds; one of them was seriously hurt. More than 160 rioters were arrested.

Mayor Richard Daley, charging that there "wasn't any spontaneity" about the assault on the stage, immediately canceled the remaining rock concerts. Governor Richard Ogilvie said that he would support legislation severely restricting rock concerts throughout Illinois.

friends called her Yana the witch. At the end of the week, when she had finished telling her version of the murder of Miss Tate and six others a year ago, cross-examination led Linda into a description of the existence that brought her to a Los Angeles courtroom.

The First Path. When she joined the Manson "family" shortly before the murders, she said, "I felt like I was a blind little girl in a forest. I took the first path." It was a path that must have looked like many others she had walked, though it ended differently. She left her broken home as a teen-ager, and by the time she was 20 she had had two husbands and two children. In the past five years she has lived in at least eleven communes, all of them drug-oriented. But Manson was different to the child-woman in the forest: she loved him and felt "he was the Messiah come again."

For Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi, Mrs. Kasabian represents the heart of his case. His presentation of her testimony carefully emphasized that she did not know the mission when she served as lookout the night Miss Tate and four houseguests were slain; that she did know the mission but went fearfully the following night when, she said, a Manson angered by the "messiness" of the Tate killings went along himself to arrange the murder of a middle-aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Leno LaBianca. Bugliosi is trying to establish that Mrs. Kasabian, who was originally indicted but has since been promised immunity in exchange for her testimony, is not legally an accomplice in the murders. It is a vital question that Judge Charles Older may eventually decide. If Bugliosi's characterization of Mrs. Kasabian is rejected, his case would be seriously weakened.

At the center of the courtroom stage, Mrs. Kasabian held her audience, particularly the seven men and five women in the jury. They leaned forward attentively, straining to hear her narrative. She approached the details of the Tate murders in a rush of words: "Then all of a sudden I heard people screaming, saying 'No, please, no.'" What kind of screams? "Loud, loud." How long did they last? "Oh, it seemed like forever, infinite. I don't know." At another point: "I saw Tex [Charles Watson, still fighting extradition from Texas] on top of him, hitting him on the head and stabbing him, and the man was struggling, and then I saw Katie [Defendant Patricia Krenwinkel] in the background with the girl, chasing after her with an upraised knife. . . ." Watson, she said, told his victims: "I'm the devil here to do the devil's work."



COPS FIRE AT GRANT PARK RIOTERS

Why were they so angry?

TRIALS Of Murders and Messiahs

The witness is girlish, her blonde hair in pigtails, a small, soft figure on the stand. She says:

"He had blood all over his face . . . and we looked into each other's eyes for a minute—I don't know however long—and I said, 'Oh, God, I am so sorry. Please make it stop.' And then he just fell to the ground into the bushes."

The witness is talking now about a long day and two murders later:

"Charlie [Manson] and I started walking hand in hand on the beach. It was sort of nice. He made me feel good, sort of forgot everything. . . ."

It had been the Sharon Tate murder case; it had become the Manson trial. Last week it was the fantastic story of Linda Kasabian, 21, whose former

certs, was five hours late at a Washington appearance last winter. This time the band was on its way. But while a local group performed, mindless violence broke out.

Some kids climbed up on the stage. One young man stripped down to his shorts before police intervened, and the crowd jeered the arrest. But there were also signs that the disorder had been planned. Some in the crowd carried baseball bats and lengths of chain. Police intelligence sources said that the Weatherman faction of S.D.S. had intended to cause a disturbance. For once, such conspiracy theories by the Chicago police did not seem so far-fetched.

Charge and Retreat. Whatever the political motivation, the youngsters hurled wine bottles, concrete blocks and beer cans at cops in a three-hour battle that raged through the park. They over-



CHICAGO YOUTHS ATTACK POLICE CAR

In the courtroom, a young woman spectator in the back row cried softly. There was, audibly, the release of withheld breathing after the most vivid passages. The jurors leaned back, remembering suddenly to use their notebooks. Manson's co-defendants—Miss Krenwinkel, Susan Atkins and Leslie Van Houten—sat still and attentive, their foreheads now scratched with the outcast's X that he had cut into himself earlier in the trial.

Even as she testified, Mrs. Kasabian felt the pressure of the Manson cult. At one point Manson placed a thin finger to his mouth, seeking her silence. Susan Atkins caught Mrs. Kasabian's eye and mouthed: "You are killing us." Mrs. Kasabian mouthed back: "I am not killing you. You killed yourselves." One girl member of Manson's entourage, Sandy Good, smuggled a note to the witness: "Are you trying to kill us, Linda? Tens of thousands of pretty young people. The X you see on Char-

dren's pictures made him turn away; a locked door on a church may have saved a clergyman.

The defense through week's end consisted largely of hundreds of objections by Manson's attorney, Irving Kanarek. His tactics earned him a night in jail for contempt; another defense lawyer chose jail for a night instead of a fine after he had uttered an obscenity during a conference at the bench of Judge Older. Insanity as a defense has not arisen in the trial. Under California law, an insanity plea must be considered after the verdict is in, and only the defendants can raise it. The move would be contrary to everything known about Manson, but not beyond imagination in a case where few things are.

THE SEXES

Hormones in the White House

"I wouldn't see anything wrong with a woman President," Democrat Patsy Mink said after her 1964 election to Congress. Dr. Edgar Berman, Hubert Humphrey's personal physician and confidant, sees plenty wrong with a female Chief Executive. When he said so to the Congresswoman from Hawaii at a meeting of the Democratic Party's Committee on National Priorities, he set Washington abuzz and feminists afire.

Dr. Berman argued that women are limited in their leadership potential by physiological and psychological factors, especially during the menstrual cycle and menopause. "Suppose," he speculated, "that we had a menopausal woman President who had to make the decision of the Bay of Pigs or the Russian contretemps with Cuba at the time?" She might be "subject to the curious mental aberrations of that age group."

Old Bugaboo. Mrs. Mink, 42, turned in her fury to Humphrey, who, she assumed, had appointed Berman to the committee (actually, it was Fred Harris, former Democratic National Committee chairman). Demanding Berman's ouster, she called him a "bigot," guilty of "the basest sort of prejudice against women . . . His use of the menstrual cycle and menopause to ridicule women and to caricature all women as neurotic and emotionally unbalanced was as indefensible and astonishing as those who still believe, let alone dare state, that the Negro is physiologically inferior." Betty (*The Feminine Mystique*) Friedman, former president of the National Organization for Women, labeled the doctor's viewpoint "medieval."

Representative Shirley Chisholm sent her own letter to Humphrey asking for the doctor's resignation. Journalist Gloria Steinem echoed the demand with a petition. Even Dr. Berman's wife got in on the act: when asked about his statements, she replied, "If he really said that, I would disagree with him."

Humphrey denied any responsibility for appointing Dr. Berman and bucked the issue back to his friend. Medical colleagues suggested that Berman was over-



CONGRESSWOMAN MINK
Fired-up feminist.

stating an old bugaboo and that he stick to surgery instead of straying into gynecology. Said Yale's Dr. Nathan Kase: "I don't think menopause is necessarily as common a disruption as let's say, a headache." Whatever hormonal imbalances occur can be treated with medication, much like diabetes. But Berman, an early heart-transplant experimenter, soon drew blood again. He termed the Mink letter to Humphrey "a typical example of an ordinarily controlled woman under the raging hormonal imbalance of the peridical lunar cycle."

Nonetheless, Dr. Berman's cycle as a member of the Committee on National Priorities had ended. Lamenting that "the whole world seems to be uptight," he resigned, still insisting that women "are different."



DR. BERMAN
Straying surgeon.



PATRICIA ("KATIE") KRENWINKEL
With the mark of the outcast.

lie's forehead is now being worn by hundreds of people. Look at the faces of the people you are cooperating with." Nothing stopped the damning testimony.

Seeking Victims. The recitation also provided parenthetical glimpses into the existence of Manson and his tribe. They often ate what they could filch from restaurant garbage cans. They stood guard duty against the attack by blacks that Manson had prophesied. Manson directed an orgy where "everybody made love to everybody else. We all shed our clothes and we were lying on the floor, and it was like it didn't make any difference who was next to you."

Finally there was the horror implicit in Mrs. Kasabian's account of a random search for murder victims who still do not know how close they came to death. Before Manson finally settled on the LaBiancas, she said, he and his followers had taken a long, circuitous drive around Los Angeles seeking victims. At one small house the sight of chil-

THE WORLD

Middle East: At Last, a Way Out?

It was just after dawn in California when the word flashed halfway round the world to the Western White House in San Clemente that Israel had accepted the U.S. proposal for a limited cease-fire and negotiations in the Middle East. Fittingly, the architect of that proposal, Secretary of State William P. Rogers, was one of the first top U.S. officials to hear the news. Coupled with Egypt's acceptance the previous week, and that of Jordan, Lebanon and five less directly involved Arab states, Israel's agonized decision signaled a chance for reason and diplomacy in a cockpit of the world too long ridden by irrational hate and frequent gunfire.

The signal came not a moment too

chosen, for the possibility of peace after nearly a quarter century of constant hostility and frequent war touched off new varieties of shock waves. At week's end, Israel's coalition cabinet was on the verge of splitting under the pressures of consent to the U.S. plan. Syria, Iraq and Algeria refused to follow Egypt's President Nasser and the other Arab nations in giving diplomacy a try. The Palestine guerrilla movement, accustomed to warring with Lebanon and Jordan over its freedom to make rocket and hit-and-run attacks on Israel, suddenly found itself at odds with Patron Nasser as well. In Amman, 3,000 guerrillas marched through the streets waving guns and shouting "Nasser, Traitor!" For all

Israel will pull back from territories captured in the '67 war, while the Arabs will finally acknowledge Israel's right to exist behind secure and mutually agreed borders.

Nasser was given first option to accept or reject the proposals; before he did either, he flew off to Moscow for 19 days of consultation. Soviet leaders informed him that they would not help Egypt drive the Israelis away from the Suez Canal or recapture Sinai. Not only were the Russians worried about a possible confrontation with the U.S., but they also seemed to fear a loss of prestige among Arabs if the U.S. forced them to stand down in an eyeball-to-eyeball encounter. Deprived of Soviet help



ROGERS, NIXON & KISSINGER AT SAN CLEMENTE

A chance for reason and diplomacy in a cockpit ridden by hate and gunfire.

soon. Only the day before, Israeli jets near the Suez Canal shot down four Egyptian air force MIG-21s, killing one of the pilots. Though all parties prudently refused to admit it, *TIME* learned that some Soviet flyers were involved in the incident, the first in which Soviet-piloted MIGs have been shot down—an event fraught with awesome consequences and feared by the U.S. and Israel since the Red air force began to fly missions in Egypt nearly four months ago.

At 7 a.m., an hour after Rogers received Israel's affirmative, President Nixon was awakened and told the good news. President and Secretary of State journeyed together to the San Clemente Inn for an impromptu press conference. "We do not underestimate the difficulties," said Nixon. "It will require moderation, flexibility and a willingness by both sides to accept something less than their maximum positions." But, he added, with a pleased Rogers at his side, "there is now some hope."

The President's qualification was well

sides, the possibility, however remote, of abandoning conflict as a way of life seemed as unsettling as shedding a painful but familiar neurosis, though, of course, for Israel the fears for its security are genuine enough. The reactions were, in a backhanded way, a testimony to Rogers' achievement, even if the ultimate goal of a negotiated peace in the Middle East should prove unattainable in the weeks and months ahead.

Why Nasser Said Yes

The U.S. initiative, based on a United Nations Security Council Resolution passed five months after the 1967 Middle East war, calls for at least a 90-day cease-fire, which could commence as early as this week or next. It would be accompanied by negotiations presided over by U.N. Mediator Gunnar V. Jarring, whom U.N. Secretary General U Thant hastily summoned to New York from his home in Viken, Sweden. Eventually, if Jarring and the representatives of Egypt, Jordan and Israel are successful,

in recovering Sinai by force, Nasser decided to negotiate for it.

Then it was Israel's turn to respond. Actually, the government of Mrs. Golda Meir had little alternative but to accept the Rogers proposal. Not only had Egyptian approval placed Israel under the burden of going along, but the U.S. was also putting pressure on Jerusalem to respond, just as the Soviets had leaned on Nasser. As Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan said: "We are strong enough not to be forced into accepting dictates of enemies or friends, but we are not strong enough to dispense with our allies."

Most Israelis are convinced that Nasser is only playing at peacekeeping. The Israelis wanted some ironclad guarantees from the U.S. on the circumstances surrounding the cease-fire. Israel's basic opposition was that a 90-day cease-fire was long enough to give the Arabs an opportunity to improve their military positions but too short to achieve a permanent settlement. Israel preferred a

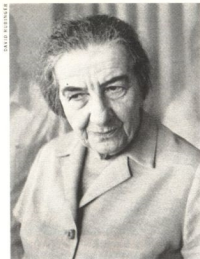
cease-fire of undetermined length, or else demanded peace-keeping monitors—other than U.N. forces, who failed to keep the peace in '67—to police it. The U.S. has stressed to Israel that if Egypt and the Soviet Union should move men and missiles up to the Suez Canal, Israel can bomb the new sites. Washington believes that that license will not be needed, however. The U.S. and the Soviet Union have a tacit agreement that neither will try to change the military balance during a cease-fire. For the Russians, this means no advance toward the canal. For the U.S., it consists of not providing the additional jet planes that Israel has requested.

Achieving a cease-fire may prove far easier on the Suez front than on Israel's northern and eastern borders. In Jordan, King Hussein's power has been considerably diminished by Palestinian guerrillas living in his country. There, as in Israel, the Cabinet debate was intense last week before the King finally cabled Nasser that "we accept what you accept and reject what you reject." But consenting to the cease-fire is just about as far as Hussein feels he can go. Hussein has already informed the U.S. embassy that he does not intend to be responsible for the guerrillas. The Jordanian army will not support guerrilla attacks moving over the Jordan River into Israel or allow the commandos to fire across the river themselves. But whether even these promises can be enforced is doubtful. The same is true of Lebanon to the north, from where the commandos operate with impunity in defiance of the fragile Beirut government. Indeed, the Palestinian irregulars could prove the thorniest obstacle to a peace treaty (see box page 22).

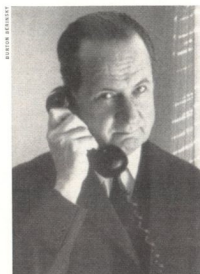
Israel's Doubts

Israel, in its debate on a cease-fire, was concerned not only about the Arab leaders' ability to keep the peace but also, surprisingly, about U.S. intentions. After the 1956 Suez crisis, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles threatened to vote for U.N. sanctions against Israel unless the Israelis acceded to U.N. demands that they evacuate territory in Sinai and the Gaza Strip captured during the fighting. President Eisenhower informed Israeli Premier David Ben-Gurion that the U.S., in return for withdrawal, would support Israel's right to passage through the Suez Canal and the Straits of Tiran.

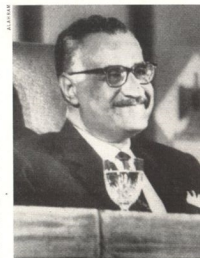
On the strength of these assurances, Ben-Gurion ordered Mrs. Meir, who at that time was Israel's Foreign Minister, to inform the United Nations that Israel would withdraw. After Israel carried out the withdrawal, however, nothing more was done. Nasser refused to let Israeli ships transit the Suez Canal, and he eventually trained the guns of Sharm el Sheikh to block the Straits of Tiran and deny passage to the Israeli port of Eilat—an action that caused the 1967 war. Israeli policy has since become more pragmatic and more de-



ISRAEL'S MEIR



SWEDEN'S JARRING



EGYPT'S NASSER

Ghosts in the corridors.

manding, and Israel seeks firmer assurances before making such moves as the Rogers proposal contemplates. "The ghosts of '57 are walking the corridors of power here this week," said one Israeli official.

The item on which the Cabinet divided was the question of withdrawal not only from Sinai and Gaza but also at some point from the Golan Heights and other territory captured in the third Israeli-Arab war in '67. Israel's political peculiarity for 22 years—some call it the national weakness—has been its "wall-to-wall" Cabinets drawn from broadly differing political factions in order to demonstrate and preserve national unity. Mrs. Meir's Cabinet includes six members of the right-wing Gahal Party who are the foremost hawks in Israel's hawk-dove debates over occupied territories (see box page 23). Gahal, which also holds 26 of the 120 seats in the Israeli parliament, believes that the territories should be permanently retained to insure Israel's security. Against the advice of even some of his own party members, Gahal Leader Menahem Begin last week chose to make the withdrawal issue a matter of party policy.

Pressures on Egypt

"The Rogers plan is not an initiative for peace," maintained Begin. "It is an initiative for Israel's destruction." The Polish-born Begin, who was commander of the Jewish terrorist group Irgun Zvai Leumi in pre-independence days, appeared to be digging in his heels for both principle and politics. Elected to the first Knesset after independence, he has been Labor's principal opposition ever since, occasionally with effective results. Shortly before the 1967 war, Begin forced Premier Levi Eshkol to give up his added post of Defense Minister to the more aggressive and knowledgeable Moshe Dayan. In the current crisis, Begin sensed that acceptance of the Rogers plan could lead to new elections; his opposition was designed in part to publicize Gahal's position to prospective voters.

Mrs. Meir had the necessary votes without Gahal both to approve the Rogers plan and continue the government. Public support, it turned out, was also solidly on her side. But for the sake of unity, she offered Begin the choice of abstaining and staying in the Cabinet, or even voting against acceptance and staying in. After four Cabinet meetings that lasted a total of 20 hours, however, Begin was unmoved. The Cabinet voted 17 to 6 in favor of accepting the resolution. Gahal, having cast six votes against acceptance, pondered whether to leave the coalition.

One mild satisfaction for Mrs. Meir in the course of the heated Cabinet meetings was the fact that Nasser was under some of the same pressures. The march of 3,000 guerrillas of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and of the Action of Palestine, who denounced

Nasser by name for the first time, was followed by a larger demonstration in Amman: 25,000 people joined a protest march under the aegis of Yasser Arafat's Al-Fatah guerrilla group. Arafat spoke to his followers at the close of the march and promised them that "the revolution will take orders from no one." He did not, however, make any mention of Nasser. In Baghdad, meanwhile, Iraqi marchers carried posters reading "DOWN WITH ABDEL NASSER."

Along with his other troubles, Nasser may also lose money because of his decision to negotiate. Libya was two days late with a \$12 million subsidy to Egypt this month; since Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi is undecided about negotiation, the delay might have been a pointed notice to Nasser to negotiate with care, if at all. Egypt can ill afford such a slight. King Feisal of Saudi Arabia, TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott learned in Cairo last week, has apparently withheld \$25 million due

like lawyers for their Arab clients; so, too, in an international-adversary situation, was the U.S. on behalf of Israel. It is precisely this echo of ordinary law practices in world affairs that intrigues Rogers and leads him to approach his duties from a lawyer's point of view. Rogers' approach to the law is low-key and cautious. In private practice, where between Administrations he earned \$300,000 a year in corporate law (among his clients: the New York Times, the Washington Post and the Associated Press), Rogers was noted for his deftly understated approach to problems. "I never believed in forcing the other fellow to come to my office," he says, "even when the law was on my side. I didn't mind going over to see him, just so long as I got what I wanted." Rogers' legal hero is a legendary Manhattan criminal lawyer named Max Steuer whose clients 50 years ago included Tammany Hall leaders and the Teapot Dome Scandal's Harry Daugherty. "He

a year old before Nixon seemed to have forgotten what he wanted. Rogers and the President retained their old friendship: the Secretary of State, moreover, always has entrée into the Oval Office. But Rogers seemed called on less and less for advice on international problems and became more and more a ceremonial figure. Henry Kissinger, the global strategist, was omnipresent at the White House, and he fascinated Nixon with his dissertations on power. The State Department under Rogers figured in presidential decisions usually, and often wisely, on the cautious side.

When the North Koreans in April 1969 provoked the U.S. by shooting down an EC-121 surveillance plane over international waters, Rogers persuaded the President to suppress his temptation to strike back. During negotiations over the future of Okinawa, Rogers argued strongly that future American relations with Japan would improve if the U.S. did not tie release of the island to economic concessions to Japan. When Biafra collapsed, Rogers persuaded the Administration not to damage African relations by bypassing victorious Nigeria in a precipitous rush to feed the starving Biafrans alone.

Criticisms of State

Kissinger in public is politely laudatory of Rogers. Privately, however, and with justification, Nixon's national security adviser has been heard to echo a criticism voiced about the State Department by John Kennedy: one reason that the White House is forced to lead in foreign policy is that State has often provided weak and predictable responses to problems that trouble the U.S. Government. As Rogers has become more familiar with his job and his department, this deficiency has been reduced. The State Department's policy planning group, reporting to the National Security Council, has begun to suggest options and answers that please even Kissinger.

But the State Department men are under certain inevitable restraints when it comes to policymaking. One reason is Rogers' legal concept of his job: he sees himself and them more or less as advocates, with the President of the U.S. as their client. Critics maintain that Rogers really does run the department like a law office, trying, says one, "to keep his client, Richard Nixon, out of trouble." Rogers accepts the criticism. "My interest," he says, "is having the President succeed. If he succeeds, the country succeeds." At the same time, the State Department can be only as independent as a President allows it to be. President Nixon considers foreign affairs his strong suit and wants to make his own foreign policy, aided by Henry Kissinger. Thus the grand strategy emanates from the White House, Rogers' assignment is day-to-day operations.

By Rogers' estimate, the State Department, whatever its role, has been moving effectively in many areas. "When



"NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE."

Egypt for war support because the King is angry that Arab disunity is keeping the punctured pipeline through which his oil flows from being repaired.

Nasser did not let guerrilla attacks go unanswered. The Egyptian government suddenly announced that it was "temporarily" refusing use of its powerful transmitter to two guerrilla stations, "The Voice of Asifa [Storm]" and "The Voice of Palestine." In place of commando propaganda broadcasts and coded messages to guerrilla leaders, Cairo radio broadcast recorded music. One of the first songs played: a popular Arab melody called *Do Not Forsake Me, Lover*. In Syria and Iraq, meanwhile, Soviet diplomats made discreet calls on government officials. The Arab leaders were quietly informed by their Russian visitors that Moscow supports Nasser and a cease-fire and that any nation that did not was in danger of losing military and political assistance from the Soviet Union.

The Russians, in a sense, were acting

never raised his voice," says Rogers admiringly, "but he usually won."

Rogers' ability attracted Nixon when both men were new in Washington and Rogers, as counsel for the Senate Executive Expenditure Committee, was busy exposing Truman Administration "Five Percenters" who had accepted bribes on Government contracts. Years later, when Nixon became President-elect, he decided to offer his old friend the Secretary of State's job. In Miami, accepting the Republican nomination for President, Nixon had said: "After an era of confrontation, the time has come for an era of negotiation." When he introduced his new Cabinet to a national television audience one night in December 1968, Nixon recalled this statement with regard to Bill Rogers. "I wanted a Secretary of State in these next four years," he said, "who would be the best negotiator in the world, if that was possible. His judgment is good. He is cool. He is a superb negotiator."

The Administration was hardly half

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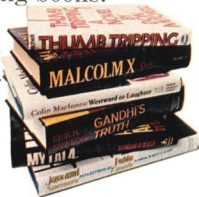
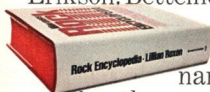
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King Size and New Charcoal 100's

I first testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee," he says, "there was skepticism about the non-proliferation treaty. It has since been ratified. There was skepticism about SALT. We have since made a lot of progress. We have entered into the era of negotiations. We have encouraged the West Germans to negotiate with the Soviets. With our British and French allies, we are talking to the Soviets about the easing of tension in and around Berlin. The Warsaw Pact countries have indicated that they would be willing to talk about mutual force reductions, and the next NATO meeting will concern itself with that. We are talking to the Chinese Communists. All this is progress."

Indeed it is, and State Department men who remember the demoralizing days of John Foster Dulles and Joe McCarthy count another kind of progress. Two months ago, Nixon Counsellor Clark Mollenhoff, who has since returned to a journalist's job with the Des

retary of Health, Education and Welfare may be to dispel such rumors.

Rogers and his staff inherited the Middle East crisis 18 months ago primarily because Nixon and Kissinger were preoccupied with Viet Nam. Kissinger's initial plan was to separate the belligerents by means of corridors and keep them apart with an international peace force; he thought the problem "insoluble." For a time, Rogers' principal concern seemed to be the military balance of power that the U.S. relied upon after Nasser repudiated an earlier cease-fire proposal in 1969. Shortly before leaving office, Lyndon Johnson had leveled the balance by selling Israel 50 Phantom jets. These took the place of French Mirages, which Charles de Gaulle withheld from Israel after the Six-Day War.

The Phantoms changed the course of the war—for Israel and for Rogers. They were superior to any other airplane flown in the Middle East, particularly in range and firepower. As

ed by Russian crews. The Soviet intervention changed the Middle East. It had become a point of possible confrontation between superpowers. The White House let it be known that the Middle East, not Viet Nam, was America's major foreign policy concern.

To his relief, Nixon discovered that Rogers and the State Department had been performing rather handily, elaborating an effort that had really begun at the close of the 1967 war. At that time, the U.S. quietly drafted the resolution that set the terms of a peace settlement and called for the U.N.'s Gennar Jarring to mediate between sides. Because the resolution would have had little chance of success among Arabs if it had U.S. sponsorship, Washington, therefore, turned it over to the British for presentation. Adopted in November 1967 as Security Council Resolution 242, the proposals were the basis on which Jarring tried to negotiate peace. But they were also the base on which



ARABS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST U.S. PROPOSALS IN JORDAN
A rendition of "Do Not Forsake Me, Lover" on the radio and a debit of \$25 million at the bank.

Moines Register, made a request to State Department Deputy Undersecretary William B. Macomber Jr. for the names of the 250 department employees who had presented Rogers with a petition critical of the U.S. position in Cambodia. Rogers had been unhappy about the petition, but he had promised that no signer would be penalized. Rogers called Mollenhoff on the telephone: "To begin with, when you have a request of this kind, don't ever go to my subordinates without my knowledge. Ask me. As for the list, you won't get it."

A frequent criticism of Rogers is that he is not a good administrator. He was saved at State, however, by finding someone who was. Elliot Richardson, recruited from Boston, filled the job of Undersecretary so effectively that he won even Kissinger's kudos. Rogers was understandably upset over insinuations that it was Richardson who really ran the department. One reason he has so far not found a replacement in the eight weeks since Richardson was promoted to Sec-

Nasser continued to attack Israeli forces along the Suez Canal in Sinai, the Phantoms allowed Defense Minister Dayan and Israeli Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev to develop a new policy of deep bombing. The more Nasser attacked along the canal, the deeper the Phantoms struck into the heartland of Egypt. Many Israelis hoped that the humiliation of such raids might cause Egypt to depose Nasser.

Soviet Response

Actually, the attacks fortified Egyptian resolve and made him stronger than ever. Arab anger over the Phantoms increased to high pitch after two raids early this year in which bombs killed 88 non-combatant factory workers at a town called Abu Zabal and 38 schoolchildren at Bahr Al-Bakar. In January, Nasser made a quick and secret trip to the Soviet Union to seek additional military equipment. The Soviet response was to provide additional MIG-21s—flown by Soviet pilots—and SA-3 missiles operat-

other tries at peacemaking could ultimately be made.

The trouble with Resolution 242, it appeared—after the Jarring mission had failed and Nasser broke the cease-fire—was that too much responsibility for peacemaking was put on parties who were at war. Rogers' lawyer instincts told him that the principals were too hostile to accomplish much without outside help. On that basis, Rogers decided to let Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs Joseph J. Sisco commence quiet discussions with the Russians. Chicago-born Sisco, 50, who holds a doctorate in international relations and is a 19-year State Department veteran, had begun handling the Middle East crisis during the Johnson Administration. He was promoted to Assistant Secretary for the area in one of Rogers' first appointments.

Moscow at the time had no reason to want peace in the Middle East, since it was in the process of establishing a physical presence there based on the

Arab need for help. But neither did it want all-out war. Sisco's mission was to find grounds on which the superpowers might agree in behalf of their clients; he and Soviet Ambassador to Washington Anatoly Dobrynin met 32 times in a search for accord. Gradually, the two worked out a tentative agreement that included Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories in exchange for an Arab promise of peace throughout the negotiations. Similar talks proceeded simultaneously at the United Nations among the U.S., Russia, Britain and France.

Rogers took a personal hand in the peacemaking last fall when foreign ministers gathered in New York for the new session of the U.N. General Assembly. In private discussions, the Secretary confirmed that the principal Arab demand was Israeli withdrawal, while Israel's primary requirement was recognition and security. Moreover, Rogers learned from Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad that the Arabs, who refused to deal openly with Israel, privately were agreeable to third-party talks like those that U.N. Negotiator Ralph Bunche conducted on Rhodes in 1948-49 to settle the first Arab-Israeli war.

Late last year, however, Rogers had the bitter experience that all diplomats eventually go through: in spite of reasonableness on all sides, the negotiations collapsed because of Russian reluctance. Israel, insisted the Soviets, had publicly made too much of the fact that some Rhodes talks had been face to face; as a result, the Arabs were backing away this time, Israel, meanwhile, fearful of a U.S.-Soviet deal inimical to its interests, leaked a distorted version of the discussions between Sisco and Dobrynin. To give the proper version, Rogers decided to outline the proposals in a December speech in Washington that would be an invitation to both sides to respond. Because it was too detailed and would have forced the opponents to concede too much too soon too openly, Rogers' speech was dismissed on all sides. Israel used the occasion to reinforce its request for additional jet planes; Mrs. Meir, in a September visit to Washington, had asked to buy 25 more Phantoms and 100 U.S. Skyhawks.

Washington's Arabists

One aspect of the State Department which sometimes horrifies critics like Kissinger is its insularity, meaning regional identification and area specialization by longtime hands at State, in what is supposed to be an era of modern diplomacy. But insularity can sometimes have advantages. Middle East posts of the State Department are mostly filled by diplomats whom Washington refers to as Arabists. They cabled or memored dire forecasts of rioting, danger to American lives and property, and an end to relations with moderate Arab governments if the U.S. approved additional jet-plane sales to Israel. They also pointed out that Egypt and the Soviet Union,

The Rebellious Palestinians

The Palestinian Arab people rejects every solution that is a substitute for a complete liberation of Palestine.

—Palestinian National Covenant

EVEN if every Arab government should agree to observe a cease-fire in the Middle East, the Rogers plan still faces a formidable threat from the Arab side. It comes from the fedayeen, the Palestinian commandos who live and fight on the soil of Israel's neighbors but feel bound by none of their policies—especially any that might formally recognize Israeli control over a single foot of the Palestinian homeland.

Since the Six Day War, the fedayeen have emerged not only as a troublesome guerrilla threat to Israel, but also as a force to be reckoned with in

ises to reconquer Palestine. Of their total number (2,500,000), about half are registered as refugees with the U.N., and half of those live in squalid refugee camps in Jordan, Lebanon and Syria.

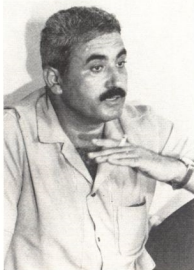
Arab leaders have no intention of completely giving in on the Palestinian issue. But most leaders are willing to consider a compromise, especially as part of a deal that would return the territories captured by the Israelis in the 1967 war. Even Egypt's Nasser has spoken privately of a negotiated plan that would allow "significant numbers" to return to their homeland.

But there is yet no evidence that Palestinians, now more united than ever by the fedayeen's brand of Middle East *machismo*, will change their adamant refusal to bargain on their dream of total repatriation. Says Yasser Arafat, leader of the largest commando group, Al-Fatah: "A return to 1967 really only takes Palestinians back to being refugees on the West Bank of the Jordan or in Gaza under Arab rule. It doesn't take them all home under self-rule, and that is what we are struggling for."

In conducting almost nightly raids on Israeli border outposts, the fedayeen often depend on artillery cover from regular Arab army troops. In the event of a cease-fire, the Arab governments presumably would withhold that tactical support, as Jordan's King Hussein last week ordered his troops to do. But the guerrillas could still shower Israel from three countries with their small-arms fire and with rockets and mortars. Israelis who live in settlements near the Jordanian, Syrian and Lebanese frontiers will almost certainly have to continue sleeping in shelters, even after a formal cease-fire begins.

Although some of the fedayeen weaponry is provided by Arab governments, most is now purchased through European arms suppliers and freelance gun-runners. Thus as long as the fedayeen have sufficient funds, it will be difficult for the Arab states to cramp their fighting style. The funds are not likely to dry up soon: China is opposed to Soviet peace efforts, and large numbers of Palestinian refugees contribute despite their poverty.

Should the Palestinians become alarmed at the course of peace talks, they may thus have the means and the numbers to wage an armed struggle against most of the Arab participants. Even if they stop short of starting an inter-Arab war, the Palestinians might force Arab negotiators into a position of such intransigence as to doom any chance of a settlement. Or by keeping up the fight after a settlement, they might give Israel an excuse to renounce it and resume the hostilities.



PALESTINIAN HABASH

the domestic politics of nearly every Arab nation. "We are the joker in the deck," boasts Dr. George Habash, leader of the extremist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (P.F.L.P.), whose specialty is the hijacking of airplanes. "Without our consent, the other Arabs can do nothing, and we will never agree to a peaceful settlement. If the Arab countries now think they can gang up and make peace over our heads, they are mistaken. All we have to do is assert our power in one country and the rest will lose their resolve and start backsliding."

The Palestinians have some understandable doubts about other Arabs' resolve. Twenty-two years after the vast majority were driven or fled from their homes in what is now Israel (only 340,000 are Israeli citizens), they have little to show for their brothers' endless prom-

The Reluctant Israelis

In Israel last week, one effect of the Rogers proposals was to exacerbate a slowly swelling division between hawks and doves. Israel has no hardhats; the confrontation so far has been largely theoretical and intellectual. To illuminate this conflict, TIME interviewed a representative hawk and dove, Israeli-style:

YORAM ARIDOR is a young Tel Aviv lawyer and Knesset member of the Gahal Party who believes that "to accept the Rogers plan is to accept the principle of withdrawal, and to us that means waiving our rights to the Israeli motherland, Judea and Samaria [Jordan's West Bank now occupied by Israel] belong to us. In Sinai we do not have the historical reasons for staying but security requires that we do not withdraw from Sinai. Three times in 20 years we have had to fight there."

Aridor is ready to offer West Bank Arabs "all the rights of Jewish citizens of Israel." He adds: "We want to sign a peace treaty with Jordan as it is today. I believe the Israeli motherland extends to the East Bank, but we will not go to war to get it. If we cannot get a peace treaty, then it is better to fight on the Jordan River where we are now than back on our old borders a few miles from Tel Aviv."

"To withdraw now would mean another war soon. In 1938, it was the friends of the Czechs who asked them to give up the Sudetenland in the name of peace. A year later there was war. We think the analogy can be made. We believe that our withdrawal in 1957 was the basis for the 1967 war. A Palestine state? We cannot allow creation of a Palestine state next to us whose aim is, as Yasser Arafat says, the destruction of Israel."

YEHOSHUA ARIELI, history professor at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is Aridor's mirror image. Arieli is one of the founders of the "Movement for Peace and Security," which was started by teachers, students and center and left-wing Israeli politicians in 1967 to influence opinion on the question of occupied territories. Arieli would prefer to call the hawks "annexationists" and the doves "negotiators." The annexationists, he feels, are "fanatics at worst and Zionist chauvinists at best." Some negotiator proposals for solving the Middle East crisis:

► **Borders**—"The more convincing the peace settlement, the fewer territorial guarantees we need. If we can get an agreement that makes us believe the Arabs are ready to recognize us and stop hostilities, only small changes in the 1967 borders will be needed."

► **Golan Heights**—"We should not claim it permanently, but the Syrian border should be adjusted to give us the headwaters of the Jordan, which are our

main water supply. The Heights should be demilitarized."

► **Gaza**—"Strategically it is part of Israel, but politically it is not. It should not be returned to Egypt, but linked to whatever state controls the West Bank after the settlement."

► **Jerusalem**—"This is the most vexing question. We oppose internationalization; there is no successful precedent for it. Jerusalem must remain one city, not be divided again. Large autonomy could be given to the three main religious communities. It should become an open city, shared by Israel and the state in power on the West Bank. Jerusalem Arabs could have dual citizenship if they wanted. United municipal administration or two cooperating boroughs could run the city. Arab Jeru-

NEWSPHOTO TEL-AVIV



GAHAL'S BEGIN

salem would have to be demilitarized. After all, it was Jordan that started the shooting into Israeli Jerusalem in 1967."

► **Palestine**—"The political plans of the Palestine Arabs are their affair. If they want a West Bank state, that's their choice. They would be required to recognize Israel and demilitarize the West Bank. Any infiltration of armed groups into Israel would give Israel the right of police action. Israel should state openly that Palestine belongs to two peoples—the Israelis and the Palestinians—and should be divided among them."

► **Refugees**—"We cannot recognize refugees as having rights to return to Israel. But we should declare our willingness to pay compensation for loss of property. Some refugees should be allowed into Israel to reunite families."

► **Israel's hawks**—"The Gahal would make a permanent occupation and call it peace. That is the way to suicide."

in fighting off Phantom raids over Cairo, were employing defensive measures.

The Arabists prevailed, and the Nixon Administration decided to turn down Israel's request rather than unbalance the Middle East. But that decision was nearly overturned after the President discovered the extent of the Russian military penetration into Egypt. Russian MIGs were stationed at airbases close to the Suez Canal. The Soviet missiles had been moved near the canal in large numbers; using improved Russian equipment, Egyptian missile crews had already shot down Phantoms for the first time, destroying four within a 19-day period. The Administration seemed to be in a mood of confrontation again, rather than one of negotiation: Nixon angrily told a U.S. television audience that the Arabs wanted to toss Israel into the sea, and Kissinger, in a background briefing for newspaper editors at San Clemente, suggested that the Russians ought to be "expelled" from Egypt.

Lawyer's Intuition

Rogers, who dislikes tough talk, pressed ahead for the cease-fire that his lawyer's intuition told him was possible. Mrs. Meir, in the course of a foreign policy review before the Knesset, had revealed that Israel was prepared to accept Resolution 242. So, it turned out, was Nasser. In a television interview that the Secretary of State raptly watched in his Bethesda, Md., home, Egypt's President said that he would agree to a limited cease-fire. On the assumption that neither leader would be able to reject proposals stipulating what each had already said openly, Rogers dispatched simultaneous notes outlining peace negotiations based on the Security Council resolution. This time he kept his proposals vague—and secret. This time, also, the U.S. enjoined Israel from commenting publicly on the proposals until Nasser had responded.

The U.S., as the advocate of Middle East peace, will now concentrate on quiet diplomacy to effect a cease-fire. Ambassador Jarring, following conferences with U Thant, will begin the more difficult task of negotiating a political settlement. Nicosia and New York are under consideration as sites where his discussions could take place.

If the Middle East negotiations turn out to be successful, the Administration might use the Rogers technique elsewhere—perhaps even in the Paris talks on Viet Nam, where the approach up to now has been hard. Says the Secretary of State: "In Viet Nam, the simple fact is that we can't negotiate if the other side is not willing to negotiate. When they are ready, they'll let us know." He adds: "When you are as strong as the U.S. is, you don't have to shout it from the rooftops. The Russians know very well how strong we are, and if we tell them something quietly, I think it does the job. Make the other side appreciate your strength. But don't be offensive about it."

The Summer of Europe's Content

Donoratico is a village on the Mediterranean about 140 miles north of Rome. Inland lies the delectable countryside of Tuscany, with its crumbling towers and its long avenues of shady cypresses leading to sienna-brown farmhouses. Near Donoratico is a vacation village run by the Club Méditerranée, the social and commercial phenomenon that has established 47 such villages in Europe and elsewhere. Special trains from Paris and Brussels and luggage-laden cars from a dozen countries arrive each Sunday, disgorging 250 middle-class families and turning the village's 60 acres of pine woods and two miles of beach into a microcosm of the Continent—half French and a third Belgian, with Italians, Dutch, Scandinavians, Swiss, Germans and English making up the rest. After two weeks in this Little Europe, TIME Correspondent John Shaw sent the following account of the Continent's mood at midsummer 1970:

AFTER unpacking, the village vacationers hurry to sign up for riding, tennis, sailing, swimming, fencing, judo, calisthenics, yoga. For the less ambitious there is volleyball, table tennis, bowls, pitching horseshoes or just walking in the woods. Europeans are becoming as serious about *le sport* as Americans, partly because of what the French call *le standing*, or status. There is exercise for the mind as well as the muscles. The library is handily placed next to the bar. Every evening there are taped concerts of jazz classics or chamber music, and a pretty Parisienne lectures on painting. Tired tennis players and horsemen and sailors, dressed in bikinis or tennis togs, sarongs or tie-dyed shirts and denims, sprawl beneath the pines, delaying their showers for an hour.

Skeptical Children. To Americans, the atmosphere might suggest a mixture of Tanglewood and a tennis camp. But evidence of the modern U.S. is rare at Donoratico. One wonders if troubled America is becoming remote to comfortable Europeans. Senator Jacob Javits recently criticized some European leaders for thinking small. Europeans remember that the U.S. fell out with De Gaulle because he insisted on thinking big. Europeans have also watched, first critically and now with compassion, the consequences for the U.S. of thinking big in Asia.

Viet Nam, it is clear, is simply a non-issue to many Europeans. America's all too obvious fallibility has led Europeans to think in different ways about the U.S. Once America meant excellence and ef-

iciency to Europeans, and advertisers talked of "American-style" goods. Today, "American" is rarely a phrase of praise. Older Europeans grew up with feelings of gratitude, or at least respect, for an America that had helped liberate and rebuild their countries. Their children are skeptical at best.

Beautiful Boilers. Europeans, it seems, share the yearnings of many Americans for an older America, one they felt they knew and admired. But the Europeans have a comfortable alternative to America's unattainable past: their own present. Two years ago there was anarchy in Paris and invasion in Prague.



BATHERS AT DONORATICO
Le sport is le standing.

This summer Europe feels confident, even contented. Over roast quail and iced white wine at Donoratico, a Belgian engineer from Liège says: "We haven't got a war, we haven't got racial strife, and we're not losing money on the stock market. We're damned lucky." Not that Europe is without problems. There was talk here of pollution, obsolete schools, traffic, the cost of living. But these all look soluble. They are not issues tearing the national fabric—not yet, anyway. To the relatively well-off vacationers at Donoratico, the Europe of the '70s seems rather like the unanxious America of the '50s. Prosperity, leisure, the enjoyment of things, a touch of hedonism, are by no means universal in Europe. But they are more common than they have ever been.

Fears that America would make Eu-

rope over in its own image are declining. Europeans have decided to be themselves, not some sort of Americans. But U.S. influence continues to spread, particularly in the form of economic inroads. A Frenchman told me after tennis that he worked for the European branch of a U.S. firm. "Good company," I said blandly. He snapped: "No, it's not. I hate it. The Americans don't take any notice of us." Serious French, Italian and German newspapers regularly run articles warning against diluting their languages with transatlanticisms. But now that the U.S. is seen as something less than ideal—which was always more of a European misconception than an American assertion—Europeans are left with their own standards and solutions. Perhaps part of

the truth is that Europe has become enough like America to reduce the mystique, to shrink the image of the American colossus to more realistic proportions.

Europeans are talking about Europe, about the Common Market, about whether the Six will become the Ten, about whether Mr. Heath's Britain will become European. Much of the talk is about *les Anglais*, little about *gli Americani*. The high school girl whose elder sister asked, "Aimez-vous Brahms?" now asks, "Aimez-vous les Beatles?" A French manufacturer of boilers says: "We need them to help against the Americans. The British, they are clever. They make such beautiful boilers."

Who Needs It? If the U.S. has lost much of its magnetism for Europeans, has it also lost its pull for Americans in Europe? There may be another Lost Generation of Americans in the making. Some parents—diplomats, businessmen, scholars—are increasingly reluctant to send their college-age sons and daughters back to the U.S. "Race riots, campus riots, drugs—who needs it?" asks a Geneva-based American businessman. He is looking for college places for his daughters in England. At the vacation village, two of the *moniteurs* who supervise children were daughters of a Bonn-based American economist. One starts this fall at the University of Madrid. Her sister plans to go next year to the University of Sussex.

For a quarter of a century, the U.S. nuclear shield has helped to keep Europe free of major conflict. Europeans may now question whether the U.S. can be depended upon in the event of another war. But few members of the older generation doubt that the American commitment to Europe's future, as symbolized by the Marshall Plan and NATO, helped push the Continent toward its current prosperity.

Having avoided war for 25 years, having no economic and social problems that do not seem solvable, and having cut all but vestigial commitments to



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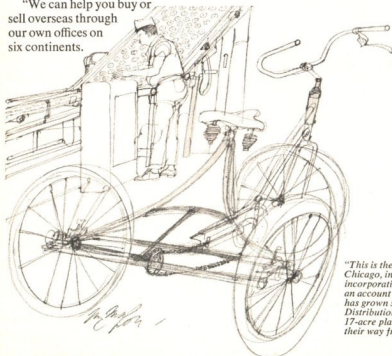
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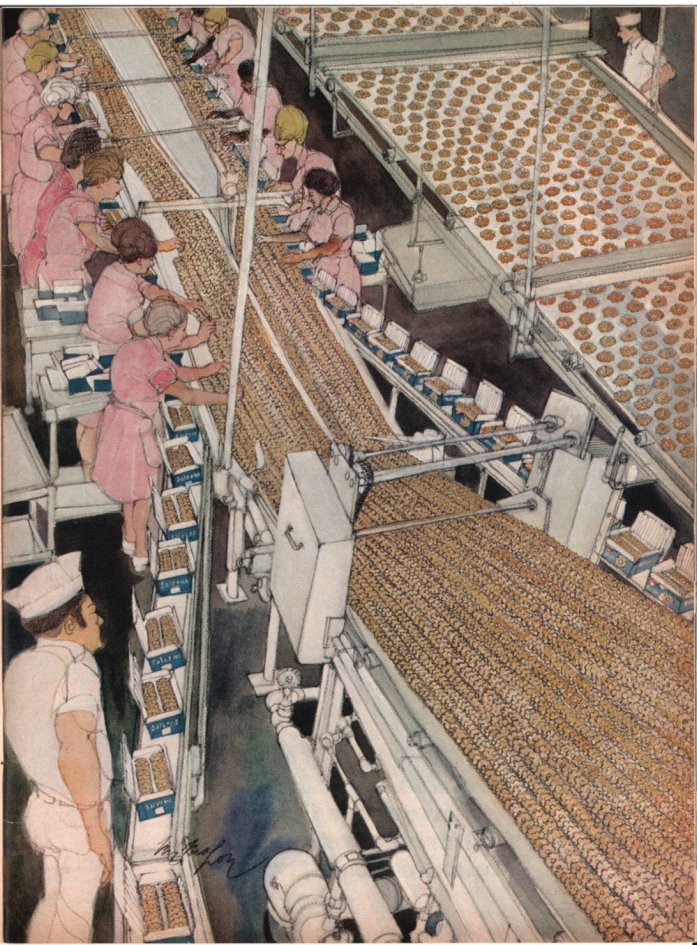
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fight in foreign mud, the Europeans are in better national health than the Americans. Flexing those healthy muscles in the sun at Donoratico and elsewhere across their vacationing continent, Europeans in the summer of 1970 can with some justification feel fortunate. The devil with thinking big, Senator Javits. Anyone for a sail?

PORTUGAL

Volunteer of Solitude

He was an unlikely dictator, a donnish, reclusive man with sharp eyes and a high-pitched voice who shunned publicity, made few speeches or public appearances, and rarely traveled outside his own country. "One cannot entertain the crowd and govern them all at the same time," he was fond of saying. "The state does not pay me to lead a social life." He preferred to cloister himself with his books and papers in his high-walled home behind the National Assembly in Lisbon. He never married.

Almost two years ago, he suffered a stroke that left him partially paralyzed. He was shielded from the news that Marcello Caetano had replaced him as Premier. Several times the figurehead President, Américo Thomaz, approached him with the firm intention of telling him the truth, but could never find the words. Occasionally his housekeeper of more than 40 years, Dona Maria de Jesus Caetano Freire, would try to persuade him to "resign" because of his health, but each time he would reply: "I cannot go. There is no one else." When António de Oliveira Salazar, dictator of Portugal for 36 years, died at 81 last week from the effects of a heart attack and a kidney infection, he was still unaware that he had lost his authority.

High-Button Boots. The son of the bailiff of a large farm in the Santa Comba Dão country of central Portugal, Salazar studied for a law degree at the University of Coimbra and stayed on to become a professor of economics and finance. In 1928 he became Finance Minister with extremely broad powers to control the economy and government as well, but he still looked like a provincial schoolteacher in his bowler hat and high-button boots.

Appointed Premier in 1932, he set out to create an Estado Novo, a corporate state modeled on Mussolini's Italy. He forcibly imposed unity on the nation and created a secret police organization, PIDE, that harshly repressed dissent. He ran the economy with a stern, conservative hand, but his country remained the poorest in Western Europe. At the time of his retirement, Portugal's annual per-capita income was \$454 (v. Spain's \$663), and 40% of its 9,000,000 people were illiterate.

Colonial Power. During the Spanish Civil War, Salazar backed Franco against the Republicans. In World War II, he remained nominally neutral but sympathized with Hitler and Mussolini. After it became clear that the Axis pow-

ers were losing, he shrewdly granted the U.S. and Britain the right to build bases in the Azores. It was an investment that paid off in a postwar seat in NATO for Portugal.

Throughout his career, Salazar spoke proudly of his little country as "a great colonial power" and clung stubbornly to the remnants of the Portuguese Empire. For eight years, he conducted a series of wars against black nationalist guerrillas in his African colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea. He never visited the colonies, however, promising to go to Angola "only when the last terrorist has been dominated or expelled."

Since Salazar's 1968 retirement, Premier Caetano has loosened the reins a bit. He relaxed press censorship slightly, allowed government-controlled *sindicatos* some freedom in choosing their

MUSCAT AND OMAN

Family Coup

Under Said Bin Taimur, the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, which lies on the southeast corner of the Arabian peninsula, remained one of the most stagnant societies on earth. The 60-year-old Sultan decreed long ago that his 600,000 subjects should not own automobiles or attend cinemas. In the capital, Muscat, the city gates are closed at sundown, when the cannon booms. People must carry lanterns at night; flashlights are banned as too blinding.

Life imprisonment in Muscat means being dumped into a 30-ft. hole in the ground. When a British visitor recently complained that such treatment was harsh, the Sultan disagreed. "It is enlightened because the man does not live long enough to suffer much," he said.



SALAZAR MOURNED BY DONA MARIA (CENTER)

"I cannot go. There is no one else."

labor leaders, and changed the name of the dread PIDE to the Directorate General of Security. But the politically powerful army has been allowed to continue Salazar's African wars, even though they pin down 130,000 troops and consume 40% of the national budget. That immense drain may preserve for a time longer Portugal's status as a colonial power, but it will also perpetuate the country's position as Europe's pauper.

A special train carried Salazar's coffin from Lisbon to his birthplace in Santa Comba Dão. He was buried there, according to his austere wish, in a simple grave beside his parents and sister Elisa, the hand of the weeping Dona Maria on his coffin to the end. In the eulogy, Salazar was likened to Prince Henry the Navigator—"a volunteer of solitude." So he was, and so, in a way, will Portugal remain until his successors rid it of his narrow legacy.

Sultan Said ruled with absolute power. He handled visa applications himself, and decided which of his subjects could hold jobs. His country's educational system consists of two primary schools because the Sultan felt that advanced Western education was unnecessary—and potentially dangerous to his regime. After the discovery of oil in 1964, he imported foreigners to fill technical jobs, but made no effort to train his own people.

In fact, the only subject for whom the Sultan provided a higher education was his son Qabus, whom he sent to Britain's Sandhurst Military Academy. Many Britons hoped that the Sultan would retire in favor of his son, but Said showed no such inclination. Once back home Qabus found himself under virtual palace arrest at Salala; he was forbidden to marry or even to receive guests without his father's permission.

The country itself was allowed few vis-

itors, and journalists have been banned for years. On a recent trip along the Trucial Coast, TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs attempted to cross Oman's ill-defined northwest border. "I would like to let you pass," said the tall, robed Omani guard, "so you could see the country. It is little changed from the days of the Prophet. Perhaps someone will do something about it soon."

Full Amnesty. The change came sooner than anyone expected. In a palace coup two weeks ago, the 60-year-old Said was overthrown by his bodyguard—undoubtedly with the connivance of his son—and sent off to exile in Britain suffering from five minor gunshot wounds.

He was succeeded by Qabus, 28, who declared that the country's long-overdue day of reform would begin at last. "I have watched with growing anger the inability of my father to use the newfound wealth for the needs of the people," said Qabus, promising to devote the kingdom's \$75 million in annual oil revenues to national development.

GHANA Golden Enstoolment

The last of the great ancient kingdoms of West Africa is the Ashanti, whose 2,000,000 tribesmen last week proudly anointed a new king, Nana Opoku Ware II. It was the first time in 35 years that the ceremony, perhaps the most magnificent ritual burial in all Africa, had been conducted. TIME Correspondent James Wilde went to Kumasi in central Ghana for the fete and wrote this report:

The warriors, their oiled bodies gleaming, danced and chanted, "Yao, yao, we abide, we abide, what was foretold has come to pass." Bells, gongs, metal castanets and deep-throated foomfoms took up the refrain, then fell to a deep hush as the palace gates swung open. Walking majestically, the new King—or Asantehene—led the procession of sword-carrying royal guards, drummers, musketeers, elephant horn blowers, buglers and slaves. Because the King's per-

fection with the earth, to greet Ghanaian Prime Minister Kofi Abrefa Busia and the other official visitors.

Ghana Second. The climax of the ceremony came that night, as the city lay bejeweled in the jungle moonlight, and the Manhyia Palace flickered with torches. In a great field near by sat 27 paramount chiefs glittering with gold under huge, richly colored damask and velvet umbrellas. In a secret room inside the palace, observed by only six of his subjects, the King underwent the most sacred part of the tradition. After being ritually cleansed, he was seated briefly three times upon the Ashantis' sacred Golden Stool for the final ascension to power or "enstoolment." Only then did he become the 19th Asantehene in a dynasty that dates back almost 300 years.

Tribal legend traces the solid-gold Stool to a sorcerer, who produced it to help the first Ashanti king unite seven tribal clans. The British tried many times to capture it in battle, but they always failed. During the last Ashanti war, in 1900, the tribe rebelled against the British governor's demand that they surrender the Stool and allow him to sit on it in the name of Queen Victoria. They were also angry with the British for exiling their ruler, Prempeh I to the Seychelles. The British won the war but lost the Stool, which disappeared for a while. The last king, Prempeh II, resisted Kwame Nkrumah's efforts to whittle down his powers. To this day, the Ashantis swear allegiance first to the Asantehene and second to the Republic of Ghana.

Bound to Serve. The new King is a British-educated Anglican lawyer, J. Matthew Poku, 51, who had just been appointed Ghana's Ambassador to Rome when he learned that the Ashanti Queen Mother and the tribal chiefs' council had decided that he would succeed his uncle as King. "I had my tickets, my traveler's checks, everything," he says. "But when I was caught by the net, I had no choice." As Asantehene, he may leave Kumasi only with permission from the council and is forbidden by tribal taboo ever to be alone. "We are all bound to serve the Golden Stool," he says piously, "one way or another."

By Ashanti tradition, a king's death calls for the sacrifice of as many as 1,000 men and women. Last May, after Prempeh II had "gone to his village," as the Ashantis put it, fear swept the kingdom. In fact, the announcement of the death was delayed for four days so that the royal executioners could seek out their unsuspecting victims in stealthy leisure. Villages formed vigilante groups to protect them from prowling executioners, and several European priests were shot at by panicky villagers. It is generally believed that despite the precautions, several dozen lost their lives. But nobody in Ashanti will discuss it, any more than he would talk about the tribe's mysteries, rituals, and especially the whereabouts, between coronations, of the Golden Stool.



NANA OPOKU WARE II BEFORE CEREMONY
Like a bejeweled bear caught in a net.

On his first visit to Muscat town in many years, Qabus ordered the release of 19 political prisoners. He offered full amnesty to the Dhofari rebels in the southwest who had opposed his father's regime; one group responded by congratulating him on his accession. He still faces opposition from Dhofari extremists, backed by the South Yemeni government in Aden and half a dozen Chinese advisers, but the rebel pressure will be sharply reduced. Even if Britain withdraws its 300 R.A.F. regulars by the end of 1971, as presently planned, Qabus appears capable of rallying enough support from his subjects to survive.

son may never touch bare earth, his chamberlains chanted, "Walk slowly, my lord, watch that puddle, beware of the stone, walk slowly, my lord."

His head covered with a cap of pounded gold and his body draped with charms, fetishes, talismans and armor, he looked like an Aztec god or a Shiva as he sat in his sumptuous palanquin at the sports stadium. Later, as 100,000 watched, the King danced, awkwardly, like a jewel-encrusted bear. Three times he fired his flintlock into the air, and was answered by the volleys of 400 muskets. Then he lumbered across the field, his mouth filled with green leaves, symbolizing his identi-

Japan: To Count the Dead

LIKE all cities at war, its population varied from day to day, hour to hour. Soldiers in their khaki uniforms shuttled in and out. Students trooped in from the countryside, commandeered to work in the munitions factories. A tide of refugees restlessly washed the streets, seeking sanctuary. Yet many of the ordinary routines of life persisted, and even some of life's small pleasures.

It was the habit of Shigeru Miyoshi, 41, a foundry foreman, and Saburo Goto, 44, a druggist, to go fishing on Sundays. On this particular Sunday the catch was good—a basket of squirming silver carp—and Goto suggested a drink to celebrate. Reluctantly, Miyoshi declined. He was due on the foundry night shift. The two parted, never to see each other again. At 8:15 the next morning, Aug. 6, 1945, the atomic bomb exploded 1,870 ft. over Hiroshima.

A Human Map. Miyoshi was still at work when he saw a blinding flash coming from the direction of his home. "It was as though a million liters of gasoline had been dumped by enemy planes and set afire for a raging inferno." At once, Miyoshi set out for his house. He found himself wandering through an inferno never before seen by man, peopled by the dead and maimed, the terribly burned crying out for death. It took him a day and night to reach the place where his home had stood. Nothing remained but a pile of charred and smoldering debris. In it, Miyoshi found a cremated skull and bits of a maternity waistband, the remnants of his wife, who had been expecting their sixth child. Three of his children, who were at home, had simply vanished. A fourth died a week later of radiation poisoning. Of the original family of seven, only Miyoshi and his eldest daughter, who had been away from home, survived the atomic fire storm. Dead, too, was his friend Goto.

Miyoshi's story is one of thousands being collected by Minoru Yuzaki, a sociologist and research fellow at the University of Hiroshima's Institute of Nuclear Medicine and Biology. His mission: find out how many people perished. A quarter-century after the event (see *ESSAY*), no one yet knows how many Japanese died at Hiroshima. Estimates range from a low of 68,000 (by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission) to a high of 280,000 (by *Chugoku Shimbun*, Hiroshima's most influential daily newspaper).

Working with a shoestring grant of \$8,300 and a staff of five plus a dozen student volunteers, Yuzaki has been at his task for three years. He sees another five ahead of him. His method: a human map. Yuzaki is rebuilding on paper—house by house, block by block, person for person—the city at the moment of impact.

"We have been asking a set of questions that has become almost a litany

with us—who lived in which house and with whom," says Yuzaki. The cathartic response has been overwhelming. When approached, most survivors come "bursting out with a million eyewitness accounts, full of vividly graphic details. All the incidents witnessed that day seem to have been glazed onto their minds." After a nationwide television program on the survey, hundreds of people wrote in with pledges of assistance.

Yuzaki's is a journey through the chronicles of despair. A man came to his office to volunteer the story of a girl who died on the roadside near him moments after she gasped out her name. Did Yuzaki have any records on a Tanaka family? He did: the Tanakas had recently asked for information about their missing daughter. When Yuzaki then told the aging Tanaka of his daughter's death, the father said: "Now, for the first time in 25 years, I may begin to sleep nights in peace." As Yuzaki interviewed a lady who survived the blast, she broke into tears. She was having an affair with a married man, and on that morning 25 years ago, had been forced to leave her lover behind in the burning ruins of their meeting place.

Not everyone approves of Yuzaki's project. Dr. Fumio Shegeto, director of the Hiroshima Red Cross and Atomic Bomb Memorial Hospital, is himself a "hibakusha"—a person exposed to the bomb—and has dedicated himself to caring for the afflicted survivors. Says he: "When the bomb's inhumanity has been proved beyond doubt, to try to count only the heads of atomic dead is too academic to be constructive."

A Thousand Suns. Yuzaki finds he is not only counting the dead but also reconstructing a picture of the past. "The city then was downright flimsy. Nothing compared with its glittering modern looks today." Then, it was a teeming town of some 420,000, with frail wooden shacks clustered along the delta of

the Ota River. It was a mobilized city, living in fear of the incendiary attacks being inflicted upon neighboring towns. But, says Yuzaki, "in spite of the war that weighed heavily on the mind of its citizenry, the vital tempo of life was something far more gracious than now. There was a great unity in the purpose of life and in the concept of values that bound them all in a close-knit and often warmhearted society." Today Hiroshima is a booming town of 550,000, replete with modern buildings and modern problems: air pollution, traffic jams, noise. "It was essentially a happy society in 1945," says Yuzaki, "but that great bond seems gone now. Alienation was something forced upon the people from the outside. Now it is generated internally."

Blistered World. According to his highly tentative projections thus far, Yuzaki puts the city's death toll near 200,000. The mortality rate in the immediate area—within a 1,650-ft. diameter beneath the flash point—he puts at 98% or more. Incredible as it seems, he has so far found ten people who were within that deadly radius of death and survived it.

One is Mrs. Katsuko Horie, who as a young schoolteacher was almost directly beneath the bomb. "A thousand suns descended on top of our city," remembers Mrs. Horie. Two others in the classroom with her were killed; she plunged under a heavy desk and was spared. Afterward, she recalls, she wandered through a blistered world she never hopes to see again, finally being carried home on the outskirts of the city later that evening.

Like most survivors, Mrs. Horie bears little animosity toward the nation responsible for the destruction of Hiroshima. "That's beside the point," she says. "What we in Hiroshima learned is that war must be avoided and peace must be preserved. We have paid too dear a price for our lesson to forget it." Hiroshima agrees. In Peace Park, dedicated to the atomic dead, the memorial reads simply: "Rest in peace. The mistake shall not be repeated."

HIROSHIMA AFTER ATOMIC BOMB BLAST IN 1945



It is a hot August evening in Tokyo, just after nightfall, in the summer of 1945. Workers scurry home through darkened streets still littered with the charred rubble of the spring fire-bomb raids. The Cabinet sits late, pondering the accumulating evidence of Japan's almost certain defeat; but the diehards, led by War Minister Korechika Anami, want to fight to the last breath. Suddenly, air-raid sirens wail. In the sky, just short of the city, two Superfortresses wheel, and a single huge projectile drops through the dark toward the bay. A mile above the water, it detonates.

A blinding flash turns the night instantly, terrifyingly, into day. A pillar of fire roils up toward the sky. Windows shatter. A mighty wind whips the stunned onlookers peering upward from the streets, government buildings, the Imperial Palace. But there are few injuries, even fewer deaths. The blast, the Japanese people are told by a U.S. radio broadcast the next day, was a fearful new weapon, the atomic bomb. It had been deliberately triggered at a high altitude, offshore, to show them its power but spare them its hideous consequences. If they do not want the next Bomb on one of their cities, they must surrender within a week. Six days later, the Emperor himself breaks a Cabinet deadlock by declaring that Japan must submit.

IT is one of mankind's many tragedies that the scenario is not true. The facts, so grimly and indelibly recorded a quarter-century ago this week, are quite different. Hiroshima, Aug. 6, 1945: a weapon called *Little Boy*, right on target; at least 68,000 dead. The actual number of dead may never be known; several estimates place it higher than 200,000 (see *THE WORLD*). Nagasaki, Aug. 9, 1945: a weapon called *Fat Man*, over a mile off target; at least 35,000 dead. In the face of such insistent horror, the question still haunts the mind: Was Hiroshima—and was Nagasaki—necessary?

Wishful thinking, and a good deal of armchair remorse, has compounded the question. So have the ironies of history. The Bomb was originally conceived as a counter to the threat of Hitler and the further threat that Nazi Germany might build it first. But it was not ready until after Germany had surrendered. Thus only by historical circumstance was the Bomb ever juxtaposed to an even bloodier alternative—the massive invasion of the Japanese mainland.

By the spring of 1945 the Japanese Empire was clearly sagging, blockaded from vital supplies, harassed daily by air, living precariously off a fast-decreasing cache of fuel and food. But the Japanese refused to surrender, and invasion seemed the only possible next step. A million American casualties were anticipated, including a half-million dead. Japanese casualties would certainly be in the millions.

Millions of dead and wounded on one hand. A single Bomb on the other, a Bomb that still had done nothing to justify three years of intensive work and a cost of more than \$2 billion. Save one, spend the other. On the face of it, it was a simple choice. After all, even the Los Alamos laboratory chief himself, J. Robert Oppenheimer, had estimated that a reasonably sheltered population would suffer "only" 20,000 dead. Four times that number had died in a single night of fire raids in Tokyo. More B-29 incendiary raids might have caused havoc even greater than Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

At the end of May, six weeks before the critical test at Alamogordo, the Interim Committee, charged with advising the President on the Bomb and atomic energy, met in a two-day session. The committee

—chaired by War Secretary Henry Stimson and including Scientists Vannevar Bush, Karl T. Compton and James B. Conant—recommended that the Bomb should be used against Japan as soon as possible. The objective, they also recommended, should be a "dual target," a military or industrial site surrounded by more lightly constructed buildings. The attack should come by surprise. The argument was that the U.S. must exhibit its new power spectacularly and decisively. "This deliberate, premeditated destruction," wrote Henry Stimson with sad conviction after the war, "was our least abhorrent choice, [It] put an end to the Japanese war. It stopped the fire raids, and the strangling blockade; it ended the ghastly specter of a clash of great land armies."

In reality, the choices were hardly so narrow. Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff, resolutely opposed invasion since Japan was "already thoroughly defeated." The Interim Committee itself was not fully convinced that the surprise bombing of a major target was the only way to use the Bomb; it asked its scientific panel to consider other alternatives. The panel ultimately endorsed the committee's decision, but others did not. From the Metallurgical Laboratory in Chicago, the cover name for the atomic research center there, came the outspoken Franck Report, formulated by Physicists James Franck and Leo Szilard and Chemist Eugene Rabinowitch. Dropping the atom bomb on Japan, the report suggested, might unleash a nuclear arms race and a period of international distrust that would far outweigh any temporary advantage the U.S. might gain.

The report was the beginning of a wave of dissent that spread among many scientists in the atomic laboratories and executives in the Government after the Alamogordo test on July 16 demonstrated what the Bomb could do. Some dissenters demanded that the enemy be warned; critics of this course objected that Allied prisoners might be placed in the target area. Still others proposed demonstrations of various kinds—perhaps before an international inspection group, or as Physicist Edward Teller seems to have suggested offhandedly, a highly visible burst right on the Emperor's front porch, in Tokyo Bay.

Convenient Pretext

Might such a demonstration have worked? Historians are divided. It is true that the one-two punch on Hiroshima and Nagasaki propelled the Japanese war party into an untenable position, gave the Emperor a convenient pretext for intervening in the crisis, and made it appear that the U.S. had Bombs to spare (in fact, there were no more immediately available). But the Nagasaki attack seems to have been lamentably premature. Hiroshima was 400 miles from Tokyo, far from the eyes of those who made national war policy. On the day *Fat Man* exploded, the Supreme Council was just getting the first fully detailed reports of damage at Hiroshima. Teller's pyrotechnical display over nighttime Tokyo, or a purely military raid on a nearby installation, might have made as much impression on the decision makers at little or no cost to civilian life.

It was not the twin bombings alone, moreover, that influenced the mode and speed of the Japanese surrender. Other factors were involved, some of them impossible to measure. The Russian entry into the war on Aug. 9 surely played a role, most importantly in convincing the Japanese that they could no longer expect mediation through Moscow. Failure of imagination on the U.S. side had prolonged the war. Old Japan hands like Joseph Grew had en-



HIROSHIMA



BOMB VICTIMS

HAD NEVER HAPPENED?

couraged the U.S. to declare forthrightly that Japan could keep its Emperor, but his advice was heeded only in the final days of the war. Less reliance on the Bomb might well have produced more creative diplomacy, making a mere demonstration of the Bomb more than enough to tip the balance.

If it had, and Japan had forthwith surrendered, how different would have been the shape and mood of the postwar world? The framers of the Franck Report argued that international control of nuclear armaments—such as later suggested in the Baruch Plan before the U.N. in 1946—would have been much easier to achieve, and the argument seems tenable. A humane precedent would have been set, and the U.S. would have established a standard of trustworthiness even among those who had no will to give it trust, just as later, with the Marshall Plan, it would earn a reputation for generosity even among the most cynical. The nation would be free of the guilt that has nagged at its conscience ever since.

Traumatic Terror

Most important, the new atomic generation might have grown up confident that man was the master rather than the victim of nuclear discoveries, seeing the power of the atom more as opportunity than threat—and making that opportunity flower. Quite probably Japan, for instance, freed of its traumatic terror of atomic energy, would have been among the pioneers in peaceful nuclear research. Instead, an entire generation of children, all around the globe, has reached adulthood with a constant sense of lurking terror that has all too often surfaced in nightmares, or more maturely, in peace demonstrations.

Perhaps more than many other wartime decisions, dropping the Bomb was a consciously moral decision, wrought mostly by good men, mostly for good reasons—or at least for such good reasons as can be perceived under the pressures of war. But the evidence argues that it was a mistake, simply a choice of a lesser evil over a greater one, not so much moral wisdom as moral despair. Historian Gabriel Kolko suggests a political deficiency, calling the use of the Bomb and reliance on Russian intervention “a triumph of conservatism and mechanism” in U.S. policy. Whether the failing be moral or political, however, it remains the same—a lack of imagination, an unwillingness to risk a new tactic even in a new situation.

Edward Teller, one of the inventors of the hydrogen bomb and a champion of thermonuclear deterrence, complains that atomic experience has made Americans Bomb-shy, afraid to consider any rational use of nuclear weapons—worse yet, so fatalistic about nuclear warfare that they cannot bring themselves to build an adequate civilian defense system. It is a questionable complaint; U.S. deaths in a massive nuclear exchange, even in a well-sheltered nation, could approach 40 million—an unfathomable catastrophe for any society. But, in another sense—a sense Teller undoubtedly does not intend—the fatalistic terror about nuclear warfare may indeed be a vice. Because the Bomb is so much more inhuman than conventional arms, we are hypnotized by it and tend to overlook the inhumanity of many lesser weapons, such as the napalm and cluster bombs used in Southeast Asia.

Revisionist historians have found the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki sinister in another—and less persuasive—way. They see them not so much as the closing acts of the Pacific war but the opening acts of the cold war—intended primarily to impress

Stalin. There was a time, indeed, Louis Halle observes in *The Cold War as History*, when the U.S. had an atomic monopoly and might theoretically have challenged Soviet expansion by interposing a threat of nuclear bombing. Stalin, of course, might have chosen to respond by dispatching the giant Red Army to overrun a then poorly defended Europe. But Halle suggests a broader pragmatism in American restraint: the U.S. could not and did not attempt any such nuclear blackmail because it might have threatened “the whole fabric of world order.”

With or without the heritage of threat and distrust from Hiroshima and Nagasaki, a cold war of some kind seems to have been virtually unavoidable. In fact—and this is one of the few advantages of the Bomb's fatal use—it seems to have helped prevent the cold war from turning hot. Without Hiroshima's brutal demonstration of the Bomb's power, might not one or another of the contestants have been tempted to test it during a military action such as Korea? Perhaps on the U.N. forces streaming toward the Yalu, or the Chinese forces massed at that border river?

If such temptations have been resisted, it may be because Hiroshima and Nagasaki have assumed the proportions of myth—needed and useful myth. This fact does not justify the toll of dead and wounded, nor lay their ghosts in the national conscience. Yet it gives them meaning. Horrifying as the ghosts of those victims are, there is no comparable meaning in the 135,000 ghosts of Dresden, that totally vengeful, ultimately useless crime of conventional warfare. But Dresden was a massive effort, involving 2,750 bombers. The essential terror of the nuclear bomb is that it is so small, so sudden and so simple to deliver—with the touch of a button.

Two Thousand Hiroshimas

Given this myth, we now measure nuclear and thermonuclear weapons in Hiroshimas. “Thirty megatons” means nothing. Two thousand Hiroshimas—its explosive equivalent—does. We multiply mentally: the dead, the maimed, the burned, the merely (and mercifully) vaporized. The ever-growing sophistication of weapons appalls: a Bomb with the explosive force of *Little Boy* can now be conveniently carried in a bowling bag and left on a park bench. It is now a fortunate commonplace that nuclear war simply cannot be a rational instrument of international policy.

Once, the U.S. tried to make it so. The alternative was an invitation missed—an invitation to moral heroism and political imagination—and an opportunity forever lost. Yet tragic errors can be the beginnings of new maturity. It may be no coincidence that since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Americans seem to have discerned a dimension of tragedy in their lives, have been more willing to admit their faults, more able to examine the darker side of their actions.

Nations are still invited by the Bomb to heroic virtue and creative politics, but now the stakes are higher, not 100,000 lives but perhaps as many as 100 million. Imagination may demand boldness and risk: such adventurous human gambles, perhaps, as graduated gestures of disarmament, to encourage the larger success of strategic arms limitation agreements and other rational attempts toward mutual reduction of terror among nuclear powers. Such options, for a free nation as for a free man, still remain open. Even with Hiroshima and Nagasaki burned forever in the memory, there persists the hope for new opportunities and fresh choices.

■ Mayo Mahs



ANTI-BOMB POSTER



PROTEST MARCH

PEOPLE

Golf's Man of the Year is that laugh-a-minute duffer who came closer to breaking pro Doug Sanders' skull than he ever came to breaking par. **Spiro Agnew**, honored at the All-American Collegiate Golf Dinner for his participation in charity tournaments, characterized himself as "the Harold Stassen of golf." Explained Agnew: "I don't win very often, but I'm always ready to tee off again."

Two society pianists belted out Rodgers and Hart show tunes and one of the guests—those present swore to conceal her identity—performed an acceptable cancan. Britain's **Queen Mother Elizabeth** loved it. That party was staged in Manhattan more than a decade ago. This year's birthday celebration, "a big-gish affair with family and close friends," according to the palace's description,

body stops me in the street and says, 'Aren't you Chet Huntley?'" said Brinkley, "I'll say, 'No, ma'am, he's the one out West on a horse.'"

Several hundred perspiring *contadini* and townspeople thronged the parish church in the southern Italian village of Cellino San Marco to shout "Autograph, autograph!" and to see a local boy, pop singer **Al Bano**, 27, marry **Tyrone Power's** daughter **Romina**, 18. The lovely bride kept an apprehensive eye on her mother, who had threatened not to attend the wedding. Power's widow, still spirited **Linda Christian**, 45, had referred to her singing son-in-law as "nothing but an ape with eyeglasses."

Who takes time out from running a \$1.7 billion corporation to pilot a soapbox racer? **Robert Hansberger**, 50, the

for *Criminologist* magazine, say London press reports. Thomas Stowell asserts that Scotland Yard kept Jack's identity secret for a peculiarly British reason: the mad murderer came from an aristocratic family. Certain as he is of his facts, the doctor declines to reveal Lord Jack's identity. Think of the family.

A hapless Verona policeman once ticketed a misparked car belonging to hot-tempered **Diva Maria Callas**. His action touched off a string of unearthly trills and cadenzas. The soprano was fined for only a traffic violation, but Opera Manager **Alberto Tantini** was able to fix things with Police Chief **Aldo Ballarini**. A third gentleman of Verona, the magistrate, saw it all quite differently. He initiated a new charge against Callas of insulting a public official and even escalated the affair by accusing Tantini and Ballarini of bearing false witness and failing to report a misdemeanor. All that happened back in



THE QUEEN MOTHER
Forgotten cancons.



HANSBERGER
Big Boys' toys.



CALLAS
Unearthly trills.

will be one fully befitting a royal septuagenarian. Seventy is stately and sugary, according to **Cecil Beaton's** official photo portrait, which shows the smiling Queen Mother in diamonds and pearls against a backdrop of flowering rhododendron.

Wet-eyed, the rich voice faltering just a bit, **Chet Huntley** said farewell after 14 years on NBC's *Huntley-Brinkley Report*. "Be patient and have courage," he told his viewers, advising them that "there will be better and happier news some day—if we work at it." NBC provided for Huntley's ride into the sunset of his Montana resort by presenting him with a horse, and that offered **David Brinkley** a chance to close on a lighter note. "From now on, when some-

president of Boise Cascade Corp., for one. At the wheel of his racer *Tree*, Hansberger swooped down the ramp past two middle-aged competitors to record his second straight triumph in the "Big Boys" division of the annual Treasure Valley Soapbox Derby in Boise, Idaho. For senior racers who may hope to emulate him, the timber industrialist has sage advice: "As in many things in life, maintain a low silhouette."

His Lordship **Jack the Ripper**, if you please. Though much of the legend surrounding London's infamous sex killer of 1888 arises from the continuing mystery of his identity, a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons now claims that the police knew who he was all along. In an article prepared

1952. Last week, when an examining magistrate declared the case null and void because the statute of limitations had run out, not one "*Che bello!*" of triumph issued from the Aegean hideaway where Callas is vacationing with Film Maker **Pier Paolo Pasolini**.

Big Duke made 174 pictures before he reached the winners' circle with *True Grit*. Big Roman made it on his first try. The three-year-old thoroughbred, **John Wayne's** only race horse, made his debut with a convincing two-length victory in the fifth race at Bay Meadows in San Mateo, Calif. Big Roman ran the six furlongs in a creditable 1:10 3/5, opening speculation as to what he might do with his 250-lb. boss in the saddle.

THE PRESS

A New Eye for Fashion

Unless she is rich and rangy, a young woman who curls up with *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* is often tantalized by the sight of slender models wearing clothes beyond her budget in an opulent milieu that she can only dream of entering. If she bunks down with *Rags*, a new and determinedly iconoclastic fashion monthly, she will find people with bulges like her own, wearing clothes that she can afford, against backdrops as familiar as a brick wall.

She will also find tips in *Rags* on where to buy surplus U.S. Navy nurses' uniforms, French navy underwear, Australian army shorts, handmade American Indian buckskin boots, T-shirts appliquéd with a Flash Gordon thunderbolt, sheets imprinted with "acts of love," and the "perfect confrontation accessory"—imitation police truncheons "in gentle pastel shades."

Rags clearly is not for every young reader. But it is not meant to be. The magazine, explains Publisher Baron Wolman, 33, is aimed at the young who regard fashion as "an opportunity for self-expression, fulfillment of little head trips, a chance to try something different, to break tradition and stereotype." Adds Editor Mary Peacock, 27, a former staffer at *Harper's Bazaar*: "Fashion is not fashionable any more. The slick magazines are always telling you how you should look. We do it the other way around. We report what people are wearing without trying to change them."

Rags discovers what some young people are wearing simply by sending photographers into the streets. Among its rarer finds: a girl with a shaved head in a bright orange gym suit, a mini-outfit made out of an old valance and a floor-length gown "made out of old cur-

tains that I ripped off of this house from which I was evicted because I was mad at the landlady."

The unexpected is just as evident in *Rags*' regular features on food and beauty aids. In the June issue, the magazine's first, "Dr. Eatgood's" health column noted: "Parsley juice is a super stimulant, so if you need an 'up, down some.'" In July, *Rags* suggested rinsing hair with Jell-O to give it body and bounce, not to mention the smell of fruit. In the September issue, which went to press last week, the home sewing section tells where to get a pattern for a masculine codpiece to make trousers à la Bruegel.

As befits its name, *Rags* eschews the gloss of traditional fashion books. Priced at 40¢, its 60 newsmagazine-sized pages are printed in black and white on ordinary newsprint. But abundant pictures and a clean layout make it easy to read. Some of the most arresting material pops up in lengthy interviews. The July issue features San Francisco's Alvin Duskin, a social activist and successful manufacturer of knitwear, who says: "There is a growing resistance to buying clothes. The whole idea that 'clothes make a man' is over."

Rags' rock overtones reflect its origins. Publisher Wolman, a freelance San Francisco photographer, is one of the creators of the rock-oriented bi-weekly *Rolling Stone*. In fact, after Miss Peacock, Contributing Editor Daphne Davis and Columnist Blair Sabol approached him with the idea for a new fashion journal, Wolman tapped several *Rolling Stone* investors to launch *Rags* for \$54,000. Printed in San Francisco, the first two issues sold 50,000 copies each, mostly through newsstands in California and New York, and August circulation climbed to 60,000. Thanks to a spare budget of \$16,000 an issue, *Rags* has almost reached the break-even point. Wolman is putting the magazine on sale at boutiques and health food stores in addition to newsstands in the U.S. and abroad. That, he hopes, will be the equivalent of giving *Rags* a shot of parsley juice.

Covering the Minorities

By failing to portray the Negro as a matter of routine and in the context of the total society, the news media have, we believe, contributed to the black-white schism in this country. They have not communicated to the majority of their audience—which is white—a sense of the degradation, misery and hopelessness of living in the ghetto. They have not shown understanding or appreciation of—and thus have not communicated—a sense of Negro culture.

Since the Kerner Commission published its disturbing report on race relations two years ago, the news media have stepped up their reporting of mi-



CNS CITY ROOM
A bridge to the ghettos.

nority concerns. But an imbalance in coverage persists. Some black leaders argue that white prejudices and ordinary inertia lie at the core of the problem. Perhaps, but there is also a logistical hurdle: most newspaper and broadcast editors contend that they lack sufficient manpower to cover the spreading ghettos in any depth.

To overcome this difficulty, a minority-oriented operation called the Community News Service (CNS) has been established in New York City. An outgrowth of the Urban Reporting Project launched by the New School for Social Research, and partially supported by a \$375,000 Ford Foundation grant, CNS since April has been helping big dailies, radio and TV stations keep in closer touch with the city's black and Puerto Rican communities.

The service has five editorial deskmen, seven full-time reporters and twelve stringers, including four whites. They operate under the experienced hand of George Barner, 40, the first black reporter ever to win the New York Press Association Award (for his account of the 1958 stabbing of Dr. Martin Luther King in a department store). Working out of offices on lower Fifth Avenue and in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, the staff turns out an average of 5,000 words a day, consisting of five to eight stories plus a calendar of events.

Avoiding Advocacy. Coverage concentrates heavily on housing and education, but also includes politics, poverty and welfare programs, the arts, and trends toward community control. Increasingly the service has been producing stories on such sensitive subjects as the police, the drug scene and private enterprise efforts in the ghetto. CNS was the first to report the occupation of Lincoln Hospital by the Young Lords, the Puerto Rican version of the Black Panthers. A CNS report recently led to a story in the *Times* about the head of a small clinic who was about to be drafted; his induction,

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subsequently deferred, would have deprived many poor families on Manhattan's Lower East Side of a source of medical care.

The service steers clear of what Barner calls "blatant advocacy." Says he: "There is advocacy in the sense that we exist at all, but our reporting and editing is strictly professional. There is no pitch or special line." All CNS reports contain a complete listing of sources and their telephone numbers. The data help subscribers to use CNS stories as a starting point for their own coverage. So far the clients have been impressed, says Marvin Siegel, an assistant metropolitan editor of the *Times*: "It's the sort of service every big city should have." In one recent three-week period, 71 CNS stories appeared locally.

As with most such projects, CNS has financial worries. Revenues currently run about \$10,000 a month v. \$28,000 in expenditures, and the Ford grant expires next summer. Still, Editor Barner is guardedly optimistic that the service will become self-sustaining. "Barring mishaps," he says, "we should hang in." To reach a broader market for news of the ghetto, Barner hopes to begin a weekly newsletter aimed at business executives and social service agencies, and he is exploring the possibilities of a school kit dealing with such topics as narcotics and building-code violations. The thirst for improved coverage of minorities seems widespread. Editors, civic organizations and other private groups in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Philadelphia and Chicago have asked CNS about the chances of establishing similar organizations in their cities.

Community Forum

The Op-Ed page—so named because it runs opposite a newspaper's editorial page—became a journalistic tradition with the rise of the personal column. Pioneered by the *Pulitzer*s in the old New York morning *World*, the Op-Ed provides a variety of viewpoints in dozens of major metropolitan dailies. Curiously enough for a newspaper that prides itself on objectivity, the New York *Times* has resisted the trend. Last week Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger announced that the *Times* will start a daily Op-Ed page in mid-September. "Points of view in disagreement with the editorial position of the *Times* will be particularly welcomed," said Sulzberger.

That policy should especially please the many New Yorkers who consider the *Times* to be the only complete and serious daily left in the Big Town since the demise of the *Herald Tribune*. The *Times* gave readers a foretaste of its new role as a community forum last month when it printed a much remarked column on the editorial page by a frequent victim of its editorial jabs. True to its practice of identifying commentators, the paper not only gave Spiro T. Agnew a byline, but noted in deadpan italics: "Spiro T. Agnew is Vice President of the United States."

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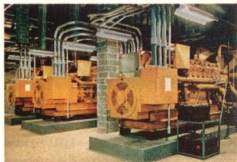
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Smog Goes Global: A Bad Week in the Cities

THE world will end with a cough, a wheeze, a mass gasp of emphysema. So it seemed last week, a bad week, as dirty air smothered cities around the earth. Millions of smog-choked city dwellers began to feel like canaries in coal mines—obliged to perish in order to warn others of potential disaster. Rarely before had man's dependence on the fragile biosphere been so dramatically illustrated on a global scale.

In the U.S., polluted air hung like a filthy muslin curtain along the entire Atlantic Coast, from Boston south to Atlanta. Because of unusually stagnant winds and humid heat in the high 90s, Washington, D.C., was on the verge of the first smog alert in the capital's history. The hardest hit of all U.S. cities was New York (see following story), which declared a first-stage pollution alert and simultaneously reeled under a severe power shortage.

The worst conditions of all were in Japan, where a vast economic expansion has outraced the country's feeble efforts to control industrial and automobile pollution. Unlike the cars it exports to the U.S., for example, Japan's domestic autos are still not equipped with emission controls. In Tokyo, a long and dreary rainy season was broken by a surge of windless warm weather that suddenly worsened the poisoned air. Bright sunlight reacted with suspended auto exhaust to produce a photochemical miasma called "white smog." One day a group of children playing in a schoolyard had trouble breathing and began collapsing; they were treated for smog poisoning. In five choking days, more than 8,000 people in Tokyo were treated in hospitals for smarting eyes and sore throats. Thousands more carefully stayed indoors or tried not to exert themselves when venturing outside.

Belated Action. Stung by criticism as well as smog, Premier Eisaku Sato set up a central headquarters in Tokyo to coordinate efforts to deal with the pollution. City officials, meanwhile, rushed to complete what is ambitiously billed as "the world's quickest photochemical-smog warning system"—which means daily bulletins issued via radio and TV. So far, the smog is seeping across Japan faster than humans can chart it. On a hot, bright day last week, it reached Shikoku, smallest of Japan's four main islands, where more schoolchildren were suddenly afflicted with sore throats and eyes. Pollution experts later surmised that a freak wind had blown pollutants 70 miles across the Inland Sea from the industrial cities of Kobe, Kyoto and Osaka.

Japan had plenty of company. In Australia last week, residents of Sydney were outraged by an enveloping stink

of rotten eggs, which turned out to be a massive belch of hydrogen sulfide. Though officials blamed the offensive odor on an oil company plant, they were unable to prosecute for "lack of sufficient evidence." Like the Japanese, though, they did begin at last to strengthen antipollution laws and enforcement measures of the kind that have lately been applied to Sydney's famous beaches, which are now fouled by a daily outpouring of 200 million gallons of sewage.

In Saigon, the proliferation of heavy military vehicles and hordes of civilian

red South African sun. In Santiago, Chile's capital, a pall of smoke from autos, industries and incinerators often obscures the snowy peaks of the towering Andes. At the University of Buenos Aires last week, scientists staged a meeting to consider ways of combating thick columns of black smoke emitted by the city's buses.

The plethora of smog was a harbinger of things to come—unless cities around the globe take much faster and firmer steps to control the effluence of affluence that is rapidly making too many of them uninhabitable.



SMOG OVER SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

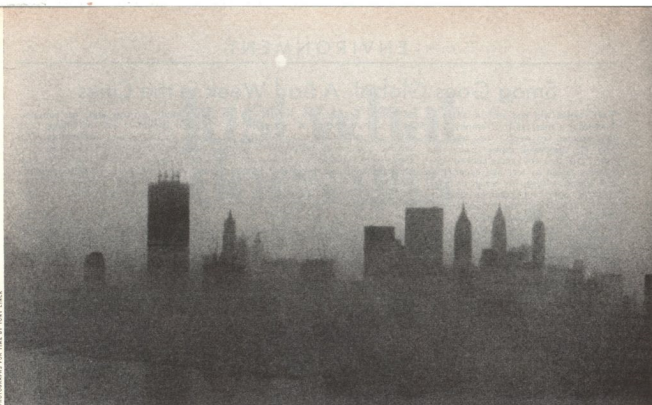
A stench of rotten eggs.

motor scooters has so increased smog that the once leafy shade trees of the city's elegant French-built boulevards are being reduced to skeletons. The famous umbrella pines along the Appian Way leading out of Rome are suffering the same fate. Dirty air is rotting the ancient Greek bronze horses in Venice's St. Mark's Square, and eating away the stone sculptures of West Germany's Cologne Cathedral. In Western Europe, air pollutants cross borders as easily as tourists. Sweden and Norway, for example, were recently caked with "black snow"—noxious particles, including high concentrations of sulfuric acid, wafted over from factories in the Ruhr, according to some Scandinavian scientists. Because of the smog problem, the Soviet Union has begun moving factories away from cities and building new ones in rural areas. Families are moving out of Johannesburg to escape a gray smog that blots out the blood-

Misery in New York

The torments were almost biblical, the protagonists stoic, the resolution anticlimactic.

The first torment was New York City's power shortage, a constant worry since the great blackout of 1965. Predicted by the New York Public Service Commission last December, the new crisis became a fact in June. Within 24 days, Consolidated Edison not only announced that its big nuclear power plant at Indian Point would remain inoperative all summer, but also that its biggest single generator—"Big Alis," a million-kilowatt unit in Queens—had broken down and could not be repaired until December. These losses cut the utility's generating capacity by 17%. To provide new power, Con Ed quickly made arrangements to buy surplus energy from sources as far away as the Tennessee Valley and Canada. Then New York



MANHATTAN'S SMOG-SHROUDED SKYLINE AS SEEN ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER FROM NEW JERSEY

grimly settled back to wait for the summer's first long hot spell.

It came with a vengeance. Not only was the weather sweltering—temperatures hovered around 90 degrees all week long—but there was also a temperature inversion. Like a lid on a jar, a stagnant upper layer of warm air kept heated air below from escaping. And what air! The city's brisk winds stopped dead; the sky darkened. Oxidants, caused by the reaction of nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons to sunlight, became a major addition to the

city's usual outpourings of sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide and tiny particles of lead, asbestos and other suspended matter. Day after day the city's Department of Air Resources reported pollution levels ranging between "unhealthy" and "unsatisfactory." SO_2 levels hit .23 parts per million parts of air at some points around the city, compared with the federal emissions standard of .1 ppm. Result: many New Yorkers complained of smarting eyes and sore throats. "New York is like a pickle in its own brine," wheezed a bedraggled typist. A secretary put it another way: "When I came to work, I felt like I should take out my whole respiratory system and wash it." But strangely enough, neither hospitals nor doctors reported unusual numbers of patients. The favorite prescription: "Get out of town."

Inside the Cloud. Everyone hoped for cleansing rains. Instead, the city was afflicted with brief, tantalizing cloudbursts that dripped soot out of the sky onto people's clothes. One downpour temporarily knocked out power lines in three boroughs and Westchester County, leaving nearly 10,000 families without electricity—and air conditioning. But most of the time, a dull, maddening haze obscured the sky. "It looked awful," said Pilot-Photographer Tony Linck, after he had helicoptered around Manhattan in midweek, on assignment for TIME. "It was like flying inside a yellow-gray cloud. We had to fly by compass at one point."

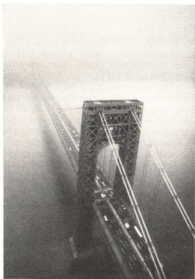
In Con Ed's control room on Manhattan's West Side, which looks like a

set lifted from *Dr. Strangelove*, the company's technicians coolly watched banks of panels covered with fluttering dials, oscillating graphs and blinking lights. Given a capacity supply of about 7,300 megawatts, on one day they doled out as much as 7,245 Mw in the peak-consumption hours. But each time, as the safety margin neared, the calm technicians ordered voltages reduced by 3% to 5% and quickly asked the city's biggest consumers to start unplugging everything from air conditioners and lights to escalators.

Black Sales. Cooperating with Con Ed were many stores, office buildings and apartment houses throughout the city. The 75,000-watt sign on the Allied Chemical tower in Times Square was darkened, though almost every other light in the Great White Way blazed as usual. On Madison Avenue, several boutiques decided that air conditioning was more important than lights and conducted black sales: customers tried on clothes in the dark.

To conserve electricity one afternoon, the subway system sidelined one-third of its trains and ran the rest at a top speed of 18 m.p.h., less than half the normal maximum. Perspiring passengers tolerated the experience, muttering remarks like, "So at this speed, why the hell doesn't Con Ed cut its rates in half?" But slowing the rapid transit system also destroyed its appeal. As a result, private cars flocked onto the streets, their exhausts adding to pollution problems.

At week's end the immediate crisis seemed to have passed. President Nixon, commenting on the inversion, found



GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

a silver lining to the yellow-gray smog: "In some ways, it was perhaps fortunate that the East Coast saw the problem in such a massive manner," he said. "Now we realize that we don't have much time left." Best of all, most New Yorkers did not blame nature for what was clearly a man-made mess. "If you live in your own smog," said a short-order cook, "you got to know it's yours, even if it kills you."

The Power Shortage

In the 88 years since Thomas Alva Edison inaugurated the nation's first steam-electric power station in lower Manhattan, the U.S. has become extraordinarily dependent on electricity. Americans now take for granted the busy computers that click in offices, the lights that blaze all night in poultry farms, the sensitive machines that monitor patients in hospitals. The average U.S. household contains 16 electrical appliances. But the day may come when people casually flip a switch or lift a receiver—and nothing will happen.

In simplest terms, the enormous demand for energy is catching up with supply. With \$100 billion already invested in plants, equipment and transmission lines, the electric industry must double its facilities by 1980.

Nuclear Disappointment. Despite the crisis in the New York area last week, some industry spokesmen still insist that the nation generally has ample power. The Edison Electric Institute, a national trade association, argues that the U.S. has an average 18.2% more generating capacity than it needs to supply peak summer demand. Western states in particular have a surplus of power. But other experts are less sanguine. Speaking before the American Power Conference last April, Carl E. Bagge, vice chairman of the Federal Power Commission, bluntly informed the electric industry that it confronts a "national crisis." Said he: "Minimizing this fact will only make its eventual realization that much more devastating." In May the President's Office of Emergency Preparedness warned that most of the Eastern

Seaboard from New York to Alabama, plus Chicago, St. Louis and Minneapolis-St. Paul, might expect brownouts this summer.

Part of the problem lies in the fact that a bet made by the utilities in the mid-1960s did not quite pay off. At that time, nuclear energy seemed cheap, easily produced and pollution-free. Starting in 1963, utility after utility committed itself to the peaceful atom until in 1967 almost half of all new generating power ordered was nuclear.

Then reality intervened. For one thing, nuclear plants turned out to be less efficient and trouble-free than those run by fossil fuels (coal, oil). For another, utilities did not foresee the steep rise in the cost of money—and "nukes" (nuclear plants) are especially expensive to build. In addition, cooling towers required to control thermal pollution will boost the average plant's cost from \$150 per kilowatt of capacity to \$175. All these pressures caused utilities to cut down on their orders for nukes, from 31 in 1967 to seven in 1969.

Oversold Idea. Another cause of today's problems is yesterday's lack of advance planning, especially on a regional basis. Some utilities underestimated the appeal of air conditioning, which alone has changed the peak load period from winter days to summer nights in many parts of the nation. Others oversold the idea of "all-electric living"; electric heating uses three times the energy required by conventional heating. Meantime, consumption of electricity increased with population growth.

To compound the problem, equipment manufacturers were held up by strikes and shortages of skilled labor. When the Federal Power Commission surveyed 85 large steam-generating units installed in 1966-68, it found that 55 had been delayed for one reason or another. As a result, lead time for getting a new fossil-fuel plant on the line has been lengthened from four to six years. Nuclear plants are now expected to take seven rather than five years.

"The thing that really worries us," says Milton Searl of the Government's Office of Emergency Planning, "is the fuel supply. All of it—gas, coal and oil. If the trains should stop running—and we've been threatened with a strike—that's it. Or if the miners go out—and that is a possibility—then we're in trouble."

In fact, some marginal coal mines will probably close down rather than comply with the strict standards set by the new Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act, which is aimed at stopping "black lung" disease among miners. There is also a shortage of cheap coal with a sufficiently low sulfur content to reduce air pollution. The cleanest fuel, natural gas, is so hard to come by that the Midwest's biggest buyer, Commonwealth Edison, has now begun to burn its winter stocks of coal to supply Chicago with power. Even domestic oil is getting more expensive, and there seems

little chance of the Government's liberalizing the import quotas it imposes on foreign crude.

Less Power to the People. Above all, the electric industry confronts a growing conflict with environmentalists, who know that power generation is a key polluter of air and water. Invoking the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, they are trying to stop any plant that fouls the landscape even if such action reduces electric power.

Fearing thermal and radioactive pollution from a huge nuclear power plant in Monticello, Minn., conservationists have filed a lawsuit against state agencies and Northern States Power Co. to bar the plant's operations. Result: the Minneapolis-St. Paul area has to borrow power from neighboring utilities. In Kalamazoo, Mich., another nuke is stalled pending consideration of the

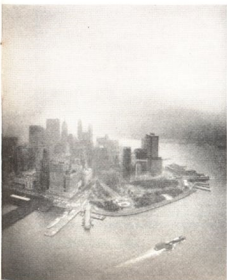


U.N. BUILDING AND EAST SIDE

ecological effects of the plant's discharge of hot water into Lake Michigan. Until pollution-free fuels or new generating techniques can create energy without contaminating the environment, such conflicts are likely to spread across the nation.

Some experts want to increase the price of electricity as a way to moderate demand and provide industry with money to pay for expensive antipollution devices. Others, including the Federal Power Commission's Vice Chairman Bagge, suggest that parts of the nation may have to consider rationing. President Nixon has indicated that he might put the Atomic Energy Commission in charge of all forms of U.S. energy. If he does so, environmentalists hope that power needs and economics will be planned and balanced with ecological considerations. A report by the Conservation Foundation stresses that such comprehensive planning—"in the open and far in advance"—is the only road to a possible solution.

HAZE OVER BATTERY PARK



SHOW BUSINESS

Video Cartridges: A Promise of Future Shock

THE first two waves of the electronic-appliance age have left an indelible mark on America. The nation has more radio receivers than people and more television sets than bathtubs. Now the third wave, the video cartridge (or cassette) player, is about to break upon the U.S., and it could transform the cultural habits of the nation at least as dramatically as the first two. Like pay TV, which for years has been proclaimed as ready to revolutionize the television world any day, the video cartridge has been grandiosely heralded; but even skeptics are now willing to concede that cartridge television seems certain to become a reality in the marketplace by the mid-1970s.

The cartridge unit is a sort of video phonograph that converts any TV set into a home movie projector and screen. The variety of available programs should be almost endless: Olivier's *Hamlet*, all kinds of other films (including instant home movies), Broadway musicals, or how-to series by Arnold Palmer or Julia Child. Owners will be able to play the cartridges at any hour of the day or night and, if they have the right equipment, to replay a sequence or freeze the action in order to study Palmer's back swing or tend to a squalling baby. Because the signal goes by wire to the TV set, the picture reproduction will be far sharper than on today's over-the-air video.

Quickened Change. Seldom has the arrival of new hardware stirred such excitement in the entertainment and communications industry, or aroused such anxiety among the potential victims of change. Enthusiasts insist that video car-

tridges in time will radically alter the status quo in television, motion pictures, theater, music, journalism, book publishing and many other fields. Some futurists, notably Alvin Toffler, author of *Future Shock* (TIME, Aug. 3), argue that TV cassettes will quicken the already bewildering pace of change in American life, carrying the U.S. farther away from standardization in the arts, education and cultural tastes. Many young TV makers feel that the new equipment will lead to an era in which video cameras may outstrip typewriters as instruments for creative expression. Marshall McLuhan prophesies that cartridges will affect "every aspect of our lives—will give us new needs, goals and desires, and will upset

BY FRIEDMAN



OPTRONICS' STIMMLER
Establishments may be upset.

all political, educational and commercial establishments."

Some analysts go so far as to predict that the industry growing up around video cartridges will become a mainstay of the U.S. economy. By 1980, officials of RCA expect the new industry to reach \$1 billion in revenues. Less conservative forecasters put the figure at three times that sum. So far, the cassette gold rush has attracted at least a dozen companies from the U.S., Japan and West Germany. They are battling for the emerging new medium with five competing but incompatible technologies:

► **Miniaturized film**, as in CBS's Electronic Video Recording (EVR) system, is coiled in cartridges and inserted in a converter unit connected to the antenna terminals of a TV set. The sealed cartridge threads and rewinds itself and is as uncomplicated to operate as a toaster. Each plate-sized cartridge carries 25

CBS PHOTO



CBS'S BROCKWAY

Some moviemakers are reluctant.

minutes of color programming, or, if books are filmed (a page per frame), about 500 average-length novels.

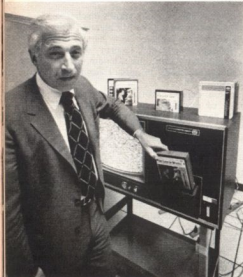
► **Super 8mm film**, as developed by Germany's NordMende, projects a sealed, self-winding reel through a specially designed Colovision unit, which feeds the image into a TV set.

► **Magnetic tape**, a video version of the audiotape deck, is being perfected by Japan's Sony and the U.S.'s Avco, among others. The tapes can be run through TV sets as easily as films; cassettes can play for 110 minutes.

► **Vinyl tape**, patented by RCA's SelectaVision, works through a combination of laser beams and holography. It comes in saucer-sized units that look much like those of competing methods and play for 30 minutes.

► **Plastic disks**, a more sophisticated version of phonograph records, are being rushed into development jointly by Deca and Telefunken. If the system lives up to expectations, the Teldec unit would be the cheapest of cassette hardware, but there are still too many deficiencies in the lab model (no color, maximum playing time of 15 minutes) to consider it in the running yet.

Sharing the Bonanza. It is too early to discern which technology is leading the cartridge race. Before color-TV receivers began to reach consumers in the 1950s, the Federal Communications Commission authorized only one system—RCA's. No Government agency has the authority to impose standardization on cassettes, so the bonanza is likely to be shared by several manufacturers. CBS's EVR will reach the market first, probably starting next month. EVR President Robert Brockway is aiming at first-year volume of 100,000 converter units (produced by Motorola) and 3,000,000 cartridges. But the price is so high—\$795 per converter, \$18.50 per 25-minute color cartridge, not counting the program



AVCO'S STANTON
The third wave is about to break.

production cost—that the whole run is aimed at the industrial and educational market.

Thanks largely to the economies of mass production, CBS hopes to cut EVR prices in half and so to tap a substantial market among individual consumers by 1972. On the other hand, RCA officials contend that their SelectaVision system will eventually dominate the consumer market, because of its apparently cheaper technology. At demonstrations so far, however, RCA has shown only prototype equipment; moreover, the video was murky.

The video tape systems of Sony and Avco have several advantages that make them serious contenders. Unlike EVR or SelectaVision, both can record on-air TV shows (on raw, erasable tape) for future replay. Another big selling point of the videotape (and Super 8) system is that consumers can buy a portable camera and shoot their own cassettes at home. Frank Stanton,* president of Avco's cartridge subsidiary, expects to attract additional customers by bringing out the first combination TV set-cartridge player-video recorder in mid-1971. Price: \$895.

Heads in the Sand. With so many incompatible systems in contention, moviemakers and many other potential suppliers of programs for video cassettes have so far avoided new production. Says Vice President Peter Guber of Columbia Pictures: "Most of the major studios are sticking their heads in the sand in hopes the cartridge will go away—just like their first reaction to television." Yet Guber insists that when "the cartridge revolution" strikes, the Hollywood work force, now 40% unemployed, will not only expand but scramble to make films in three shifts around the clock.

Hollywood's reluctant approach is caused in part by its concern for movie exhibitors, who may lose much of their audience. Accordingly, studio involve-

ment so far consists mainly of selling cartridge rights for old movies moldering in the can. New York's Optonics Libraries Inc., headed by Irving Stimmeler, has enlisted an imposing board of directors (among others, TV Interviewer David Frost, Documentary Producer David Wolper, New York Times Drama Critic Clive Barnes), but its catalogue is a mixed bag of kiddie cartoons, late-show features and sex films.

Escape from the Ratings. The great boon of cartridges—or any pay-TV system—is that they should enable U.S. television to escape the pressures of ratings and start programming for small and discriminating audiences. Prime-time series seen by 25 million viewers on the commercial networks are often canceled as losers. But an opera attracting 500,000 cartridge patrons at \$2 per rental might well earn a profit. Most experts assume that consumers will prefer to rent cassettes rather than buy them.

Some experts envisage the cassette explosion as only one phase of an upheaval in education, home entertainment and communications. The performing arts might become economic for the first time. McLuhan and Paul Klein, NBC's ratings vice president and philosopher of the future (TIME, May 25), foresee a decline of textbooks and suspect that network TV will be reduced to producing little more than sports and news. Klein also maintains that cartridge marketing plans and, in fact, cassette converter units are already 20 years out of date. The solution, he says, is cable TV (which perhaps 75% of Americans will have by 1980) hooked to a central computer switching station with hundreds of cassettes on tap. "I call it 'jukebox TV,'" says Klein. Klein leaves NBC this week to form a company to mesh computer retrieval, CATV and the cartridge. He calls the idea "the ultimate 20th century combination," and optimistically predicts that it could reach the market in ten years.

* No kin to the CBS president.

Racing for a Billion-Dollar Market

The major competitors' claims for delivery schedules, projected unit prices and special advantages offered by their video cartridge systems:

Extra Features

	Method	On Sale Date	Playback Unit Price	Recording Capability	Freeze Frame
CBS/EVR industrial model consumer model	Film	Late '70	\$795	No	Yes
		Mid '72	\$350		
RCA SELECTAVISION	Hologram	Late '72	\$400	No	Yes
SONY VIDEO	Tape	Late '71	\$400	Yes	No
AVCO CARTRIVISION*	Tape	Mid '71	\$895	Yes	No
NORDMENDE COLORVISION*	Film	Mid '71	\$850	No	Yes
TELEFUNKEN-DECCA TELDEC	Disc	Mid '72	\$200	No	No

* Unit includes a color TV set.

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THE LAW

Hotheads and Professionals

According to Mississippi Governor John Bell Williams, the 360 uniformed troopers of the Mississippi highway safety patrol are "professional officers—not hotheads." Yet last May, when they helped local police handle student demonstrations at predominantly black Jackson State College, the troopers did not bother to bring tear gas. Instead, they loaded their shotguns with 00 shot, the largest available. When the dust settled, a laconic voice came over the patrol's radio: "Better send an ambulance—we've got a few niggers down over here."

In the sweltering heat of Jackson last week, a county grand jury concluded its three-week investigation of that shootout by exonerating the patrol and indicting two unidentified participants in the disturbance. Though FBI reports had shown no evidence of sniping and many observers regarded the demonstrators as merely unruly, the grand jury declared that the troopers "had a right and were justified" in firing the 400-round fusillade that killed two black youths. Asserted the panel: "When people take the law into their own hands and engage in civil disorders and riots, they must expect to be injured or killed when officers are required to re-establish order."

Mississippi black leaders branded the panel's report a "whitewash." A federal grand jury and a special presidential commission will now continue their separate probes. But the troopers are not worried. During the past five years, 13 lawsuits have charged them with various kinds of brutal overreaction. Five are still pending; in all but one of the

others, local judges and juries have never ruled against the patrol.

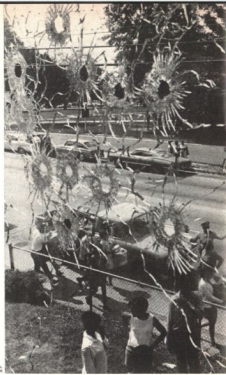
The force was founded in 1938 exclusively to patrol highways. But when the civil rights movement focused on Mississippi in 1964, the legislature gave patrolmen full power to enforce "all the laws of the state," including those supporting segregation. In 1965, the patrol handled the transfer of 250 civil rights workers to the Parchman State Penitentiary after they were arrested in Natchez. According to a lawsuit now before the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, the troopers encouraged harsh treatment of the prisoners, who were stripped and forced to take strong laxatives; one testified that she was made to use her slip as a sanitary napkin.

This spring's shooting at Jackson State was not the first on that campus. Three years ago, highway patrolmen fired their shotguns in warning, they said, over the heads of rock-throwing students; Ben Brown, a married student and father of a young child, was found with mortal wounds from 00 buckshot.

Mop Up the Blood. In February, a state patrolman stopped a truck containing 17 black students from Tougaloo College who were returning from a civil rights demonstration in the tiny town of Mendenhall. The officer accused Douglas Hummer, a bearded, white civil rights worker, of reckless driving, and the students of interfering with an officer. In a sworn affidavit prepared for a suit against the patrol, Hummer declared that one officer told him: "We are going to teach you not to fool around here in Mississippi." At the jailhouse, two black ministers showed up to arrange bail—and were also arrested. The Rev. John M. Perkins' affidavit states: "I was stomped on by members of the highway patrol. They . . . forced a bent fork up my nose, which caused some bleeding. With blood running all over my head, they made me go get a mop and mop up the blood . . . and they hit and beat me as I mopped."

Requirements for joining the patrol are a high school diploma, minimum height of 5 ft. 10 in., age between 21 and 35, and "physical and mental fitness and good moral character." Though blacks with those qualifications have applied, none has ever been accepted; two brought suit against the patrol last week, charging it with discriminatory hiring practices. Whites who get in receive none of the psychological screening that now keeps obvious misfits out of many police departments. Fayette's usually moderate black Mayor Charles Evers virtually spits when he discusses patrol personnel: "I believe that many are either Klansmen or Klan sympathizers who have come out from behind the sheet and gotten behind the badge so they can kill black folks legally."

Many local policemen also dread the arrival of the patrol's air-conditioned



BULLET HOLES IN JACKSON, MISS., STATE DORM
Death must be expected.

cruisers, which can be dispatched by the Governor even when municipal chiefs have not requested them. The patrol can make tense situations worse, explains Oktibbeha County Sheriff Bill Harpole. "I know all my local niggers and they know me. The state patrol are outsiders."

Commissioner of Public Safety Giles Crisler, 48, a veteran of seven years in the Army artillery and 20 years on the patrol, issues few written orders. His men operate without any clear guidelines in civil disturbances. This has prompted Kenneth Fairly, head of the state agency that allocates federal aid to police, to withhold funds for riot control from any force lacking "well enunciated command and control procedures assuring proper restraint in usage of lethal weapons." Crisler's men also lack any formal departmental disciplinary machinery. Tape recordings of radio transmissions are erased within a week, well before anyone with a grievance against the force can subpoena them.

Courteous Dishes. For all the complaints against it, the Mississippi patrol clearly has its strengths. In 1967, Mississippi had the worst highway death rate in the nation, but in the next year the patrol shaped up and led all 50 states in reducing traffic fatalities. One Northern motorist who was recently stopped by the patrol swears that its officers dish out the most courteous anti-separating lectures in the nation.

It is unfair to put all the blame on the patrol for its poor performance in racial situations, for the state's present leaders would have it no other way. To them, the force is an admirably efficient defender of Mississippi's tradi-



HIGHWAY PATROLMEN AT THE READY (1966)
Defending a way of life.

tional way of life. Under different leadership the patrol could doubtless become both fairer and more professional. Alabama troopers, for example, achieved an equally noxious reputation under Governor George Wallace, but they have performed far differently since he left the statehouse. The members of the Mississippi patrol are much like policemen everywhere, says Charles Morgan, Southeastern director of the American Civil Liberties Union. "They do what is expected of them or tolerated by their superiors—nothing more or less."

The Supreme Court and the A.B.A.

After Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell were ignominiously rejected for the Supreme Court, the American Bar Association revived an old idea with new force. President Nixon might have avoided much of the trouble, it said, by letting the A.B.A.'s twelve-member Committee on the Federal Judiciary screen his nominees for the Supreme Court before he submitted their names to the Senate. After all, the committee has screened choices for lower federal courts since the Eisenhower Administration. Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson asked the committee to double-check their Supreme Court nominees as well—though usually only a day or so before announcing them.

When Nixon took office, he rejected even that cursory A.B.A. involvement. Now, he has reversed himself. With Nixon's approval, Attorney General John Mitchell announced that henceforth he will furnish the A.B.A. panel with the "names of persons whom I may have under serious consideration." The committee chairman, New York Attorney Lawrence E. Walsh, hailed the move as "the most important innovation in the procedure for selecting Supreme Court nominees which any recent Attorney General has undertaken."

Other lawyers were less impressed. For one thing, the A.B.A. represents less than half the nation's lawyers. For another, the A.B.A. panel is dominated by a narrow segment of successful lawyers who have never turned down any Supreme Court nominee. The panel approved both Haynsworth and Carswell, even after damaging evidence against them had been turned up by other groups. While the committee might block political hacks, scholars fear that it would favor technically qualified judges at the expense of creative or unconventional men needed to leaven the high court. Walsh acknowledged that the screening process will almost surely produce leaks, thus exposing seriously considered names to public scrutiny—and enabling Presidents to drop unpopular men without loss of face. The quality of the committee's review will depend on the rigor of its investigation. Ultimately, a committee can only discourage the worst candidates. It is up to the President to insist on the best.

MEDICINE

Drugs for Learning

Though handsome and obviously bright, Jeremy was a maddening problem to his parents and his teachers. He could not concentrate, would not learn in nursery school and the early years of elementary school. But in the last year Jeremy, now ten, has been earning A's and B's in his classes at Anaheim, Calif. The difference is that now, before every breakfast and lunch and after school during the academic year, Jeremy takes a pale green tablet of Ritalin, the trade name for methylphenidate, a mild stimulant.

He is not an isolated case. Tens of thousands of other American youngsters are, like Jeremy, "on drugs." Many of them take medication of a different type, one of the amphetamines similar to those gobbled or injected by thrill seekers with devastating effects. But these children become neither high nor addicted. Their drugs are prescribed by physicians to improve the children's behavior and learning ability.

Classic Case. What these children suffer from has no generally accepted understandable name. It is best illustrated by a case like Jeremy's. His mother found him "hard to handle" even as a baby. Later, his teacher complained that the child was hyperkinetic (overactive) and had an extremely short attention span. He was held back in second grade for failure in reading and spelling. Pressure for him to fulfill his supposed potential set up a vicious cycle in Jeremy, generating such hostility and anger that he performed more poorly than ever. He was still getting D's and F's in the third grade, and his mother took him to Dr. Sidney Adler, a neurological pediatrician. Adler had the parents fill out a 14-page questionnaire before he saw the child. Then, after 1½ hours of neurological and other tests, he pronounced Jeremy a "classic case of minimal brain dysfunction."

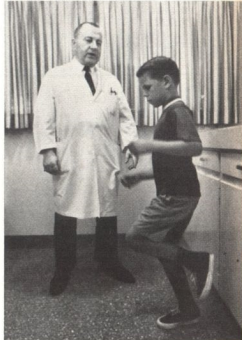
Largely because doctors know so little about the basic cause of Jeremy's condition, they have coined at least 38 different names for it, many of which suggest that there is damage to the brain. But even the term "minimal brain damage" is rejected by some physicians because it implies a physical injury, of which there is often little or no evidence. For this reason they prefer something like "learning disabilities."

Jumping Jack. The affected children, estimated to number as many as 3,000,000 under 15 in the U.S. today, are not mentally retarded. Most are about average or above in IQ ratings, usually high on verbal skills but lower on muscular coordination tests. It is their achievement quotients that are distressingly low. As many as 70% of the victims are boys; no one knows why. While the children do not all exhibit all the same symptoms, the jumping-jack hy-

perkinesis is present in at least 80%. Almost invariably there is a passion for handling things, often clumsily so that they are broken. These children never seem to be listening to you; their eyes dart around the room while you are talking to them. They do not coordinate what they see and hear. Many of them talk a blue streak. If they do not instantly get their own way, they are apt to throw temper tantrums.

Since the children are overactive and irritable, it seems illogical to treat them with pep-pills. Psychiatrists doing research along traditional lines would not have been likely to hit upon this method. The discovery of the drugs' effect was made by Dr. Charles Bradley at the Emma Pendleton Bradley Hospital in Rhode Island in 1937, when he gave Benzedrine to 30 children who had a variety of behavior disorders. The stimulant calmed those who were hyperkinetic, and also improved their school performance. But Bradley's pioneering work was virtually ignored for almost 20 years, mainly perhaps because it seemed absurd to give stimulants to overactive children. Exactly how the drugs

ANDY DICKEMAN—THE NEW YORK TIMES



ADLER & HYPERKINETIC CHILD
Pep pills to calm them down.

perkinesis effects is not yet clear.

As they grow older—usually by the age of 15—most affected youngsters outgrow their hyperkinesis, perhaps because the brain chemistry matures with the arrival of adolescence. But it would be unwise to leave the children untreated and wait for nature to correct the problem. By adolescence, abnormal

patterns of behavior would be so fixed and learning so far below average that normal development thereafter would be impossible.

Since 1957, many pediatric psychiatrists have espoused drug treatment for other learning disabilities. Anaheim's Dr. Adler is consultant for seven Orange County school districts in which he helps to screen children and to recommend treatment. He treats 2,000 children in his private practice. Not all respond to drugs as dramatically as Jeremy did, he cautions, but most of them do so much better than before that he keeps them on Ritalin or an equivalent drug throughout the school year. After about two years, Adler arbitrarily decreases the dosage during the summer vacation, hoping that new habit patterns will have formed by fall, enabling the child to carry on. "If he is successful then, when for so long he has been a failure, it's like a shot in the arm, and he's motivated to try harder," says Adler. Most of the children must take their medicine for at least two or three years, and some for ten years or more.

Much of the significant research on psychotropic drugs for children is still done where it began, at Rhode Island's Bradley Hospital, which is now headed by Dr. Maurice Laufer, an authority on brain disorders in the young. "In many cases," he says, "if you get to the child early, before the secondary emotional problems set in—the family's reaction to the hyperkinesia and the pat-

tern of failing in school—this is all they need."

A hundred Bradley Hospital graduates have been studied intensively by Drs. Leon Eisenberg and C. Keith Conners of Massachusetts General Hospital. "There is not a single case of a child becoming a drug addict of any kind," says Eisenberg. The stimulants that produce a high in an adult do not have this effect in a child, Eisenberg says. It may be that the child's body metabolizes the drug differently from an adult's.

Side Effects. There is some opposition to the use of mood drugs for children. Traditionalist Freudian psychiatrists believe that behavior and learning problems are psychological, not physical or chemical in origin. Dr. Eric Denhoff, who runs two schools for handicapped children in Providence, concedes that frequently drugs alone are not enough. Counseling and special classes are necessary for many patients.

Like all other drugs, the stimulant pills for children have undesirable side effects in some cases. The commonest is a tendency to insomnia if the medication is taken late in the day. Amphetamines usually depress the appetite, and Ritalin occasionally does. No one believes that the pills are a final answer to the problem of the problem child. Says Adler: "If we could figure out how to turn kids on in a more meaningful way, then I would be the first to say 'Throw out the drugs.' But we have to use them as tools to help keep these kids from going down the drain."



PAINE ANNOUNCING RESIGNATION
Little was left unscathed.

The Future of NASA

"We are at the peril point," declared NASA Administrator Thomas Paine. With that gloomy but accurate assessment of the space agency earlier this year, he announced one more in a series of cuts in staff and work schedules. Last week the 48-year-old former General Electric executive made an even more telling comment: he quit himself. Though Paine insists that his resignation was not an act of protest against continuing reductions in the space agency's budget, he obviously sees a better future back with G.E.

Only a year after its triumphant conquest of the moon, NASA can barely coax enough money out of Congress to continue existing programs. Its budget has been slashed to \$3.3 billion for fiscal 1971 compared with peak spending of \$5.2 billion in 1965. Total employment by NASA and its private contractors has dwindled from 420,000 in the heyday of the Apollo program to fewer than 145,000 today. Nor has NASA gotten significant support from the White House. "With the entire future and the entire universe before us," said President Nixon, outlining the Administration's cautious new approach to space, "we should not try to do everything at once."

Planetary Probes. That is not likely to happen. NASA has already scrubbed one of the seven remaining moon missions, and it may well cancel three more. Some of the Apollo's big Saturn 5 boosters will be used to establish small earth-orbiting space stations such as the three-man Skylab scheduled for launching in 1972. But even these schemes—not to mention more ambitious space stations—could be set back by a balky Congress. Certainly, a decision to send Americans to Mars will not be made for years to come. The only phase of the space program that has escaped the budget cutters relatively



THE COMPOSER'S HEARING AIDS



BEETHOVEN

Beethoven's Ears

MY hearing grows worse and worse," Beethoven wrote in 1801. "A medical ass prescribed tea for my ear." Ever since his death in 1827, scholars have speculated that poor circulation, syphilis or typhoid fever might have been the cause. Not so, say Drs. Kenneth M. Stevens and William G. Hemmenway of the University of Colorado Medical Center in the A.M.A. *Journal*. Beethoven's deafness was probably caused by cochlear otosclerosis, which today might be corrected by surgery. In this disorder, bony overgrowths within the inner ear cavity interfere with the transformation of vibrations into

nerve impulses, and thus prevent their translation into sounds.

Beethoven was 27 when he first noticed loss of hearing for high tones. This is too young either for circulatory disease or for late syphilitic damage. Typhoid is more plausible. Without examining the composer's temporal bones, no one can be certain. When his skull was exhumed in 1863 and 1888, those bones were missing. Evidently they were saved at the time of the original autopsy. Stevens and Hemmenway conclude that "perhaps in a forgotten cellar in Vienna, a small formalin-filled jar holds the answer."



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unscathed has been the planetary probes, although these, too, will be delayed. Even William Pickering, director of Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Pasadena, and one of the men in charge of these unmanned trips, admits: "If I were in the manned program, I know I would be worried."

Falling morale at NASA's major installations is readily apparent. In Florida's once booming Brevard County, site of Cape Kennedy, houses and stores are boarded up, new offices stand empty, and the most lucrative profession in the area seems to be that of resumé writer for the thousands of space workers who have been looking for new jobs. At Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, the five giant computers are working at a sharply reduced rate (operating cost: about \$10,000 per hour), one of the two mission-control centers has been put in mothballs, and astronauts have been asked to cut back their pilot training flights in T-38 jets. Apollo 14 Commander Alan Shepard has publicly worried whether his ship will be properly prepared for next January's tentatively scheduled moon shot.

NASA insists that the economies will not bring new dangers. Kennedy Space Center Director Kurt Debus says that only one case of sloppy workmanship attributable to morale has come to his attention: having accidentally snapped a screw on a key spacecraft section, a workman glued the other half into place. He feared that he might be laid off if his company—a private contractor—had to go to the time and expense of drilling out the screw.

Expensive Changes. Still, for the astronauts, the cutbacks are not reassuring. The number of flight controllers at Houston—the men whose carefully honed skills are needed to guide a spacecraft—has shrunk from 175 men during the Apollo flight to only 125—"the absolute critical level in personnel," says one flight director. Tight budgeting has also had more insidious effects. Houston officials recently asked for cutoff valves on the two nitrogen tanks used in Skylab's attitude control system as a precaution against another Apollo 13-type failure. The designers at the Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., refused to add the valves; the tanks, they insisted, simply would not fail. Sighs a Houston official: "Since change costs money, they won't."

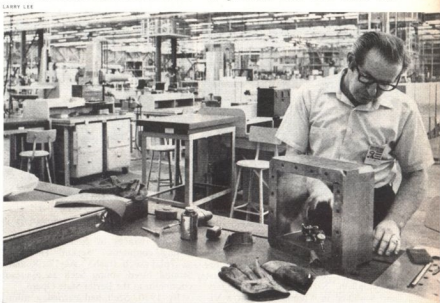
Paine thinks that public enthusiasm for space will be rekindled as NASA—or perhaps the Soviet Union—embarks on exciting new ventures. But other NASA officials are not so optimistic. They are especially distressed by what they consider a lack of presidential interest in space. When the three Apollo 12 astronauts visited the White House last fall, they recalled bitterly that Nixon seemed more inclined to talk about football than the moon trip.

For once, some scientists find themselves more enthusiastic about the moon than NASA's engineering hierarchy. To

cut back lunar exploration so soon after the first moon landing, they say, means a delay in answering the many tantalizing questions raised by those initial expeditions. Scientists can only speculate on what they will find when they land unmanned probes on Mars, send Pioneer probes past Jupiter, and hurl even more complicated spaceships toward the other outer planets (Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto) later in the decade. But such voyages will surely challenge and contribute to earth technology in countless ways. Pickering's JPL scientists, for example, are already designing the "grand tour" computer, which, like HAL in the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, will be required to repair itself during an eleven-year journey, the first voyage to the outermost fringes of the solar system. In his new role as Deputy Associate Administrator for Aeronautics, Neil Armstrong oversees NASA's research in such areas as quieter jet engines, more efficient

to seek the cooperation of other nations in space. Shortly before he resigned, Paine toured Western Europe, Australia and Japan to enlist their support for the space shuttle as well as other projects. West Germany has already agreed to team up with the U.S. in sending two unmanned Helios satellites to within 28 million miles of the sun. But even such joint ventures have suffered from cutbacks. Last week the U.S. quietly announced a year's delay in implementing a much publicized agreement with India to let NASA satellites relay telecasts to remote Indian villages.

Much of the public indifference to space is, of course, attributable to the nature of the space race. Under pressure from Washington, NASA over-emphasized the moon and overlooked its other opportunities. Now it is engaged in an overdue reassessment of its priorities. Last week more than



LAST OF APOLLO TOOLMAKERS AT NORTH AMERICAN ROCKWELL PLANT, DOWNEY, CALIF.

After the moon, a painful reassessment.

aircraft wings, improved air-traffic control. Although the proposed space shuttle, linchpin of NASA's space-station plans, may cost as much as \$14 billion, it will provide an important test vehicle for hypersonic (many times the speed of sound) aircraft.

But surprisingly enough, NASA's most important contributions may involve improvement of the earthly environment. Studying the closed ecosystem of a spacecraft, suggests Cleveland State University Biologist Robert Rolan, may help scientists solve such problems as pollution, waste elimination and the psychological effects of overcrowding. Kurt Debus argues angrily that to say sewers are more important than moon rocks, as Senator William Fulbright said last month, is far too simplistic.

In another economy move, the Nixon Administration is encouraging NASA

100 prominent space scientists, including Pickering and Planning Chief Werner von Braun, met in Woods Hole, Mass.; a similar meeting was held at Wallops Island, Va., a few weeks ago. Out of these discussions may come the direction and dimensions of NASA's role on earth and in space in the closing years of the century.

But Debus, for one, wonders whether political leaders will really grasp the ultimate meaning of those goals. Like turn-of-the-century skeptics who dismissed the telephone and airplane as toys, critics of space travel cannot imagine its undreamed-of benefits. "Just in the act of getting there," says Debus, "we show our technical potential for overcoming problems by foreseeing them. Once we get there, established and at home, so to speak, we can go on to better the way of life on our own planet."

MUSIC

Death of a Master Builder

It was a grim week for the world of music. On Wednesday, news came of the death of British Conductor Sir John Barbirolli, 70, whose early failure with the New York Philharmonic had long been erased by his direction of the Hallé orchestra (see MILESTONES). The same day, Conductor Jonel Perlea, 69, died in New York, ending a career whose flickering brilliance had been dimmed by war and a succession of illnesses. Then came perhaps the saddest word of all. George Szell, 73, had died in Cleveland, victim of fever, bone cancer and heart attack.

Szell's loss to the world of music, like Toscanini's before him, is incalculable. The two conductors resembled each other in many ways, though they had arrived at the resemblance by op-

when Szell momentarily beat a measure incorrectly. "Somebody just threw a spitball into Univac."

The New Mozart. Szell's demand for perfection from himself and his musicians grew from a lifelong, almost superhuman, discipline. A child prodigy, he could sing some 40 folk songs in four languages at the age of two. He could also scribble musical notations, he liked to recall, "that made no sense at all. That's the way the modern composers do it today." At four, he was slapping his mother's hand when she hit a wrong note on the piano.

As a boy, he was being called "the new Mozart" and regarded with awe by his classmates. One of them, a skinny twelve-year-old named Rudolf Serkin, stole some of Szell's compositions from a piano and practiced them furiously to play for Szell's birthday. Ser-

him absolute control. "A new leaf will be turned over with a bang," he announced, and fired twelve musicians. Szell kept weeding and replanting until he had the 108 people he wanted. He demonstrated an unswerving aural vision of how music should sound—and the ear, the technique, the almost psychic power of leadership to make it sound that way. "I have created an instrument perfectly suited to express my artistic intentions," he said of the results.

Everyone agreed. In a decade, the once provincial Cleveland Orchestra had achieved world stature. Szell's artistic intentions were being perfectly expressed. If he specialized in Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms and Mahler, slighting French, Russian and avant-garde music, he had earned the right to be selective. Guest soloists came and went, most of them shuddering in fear of Szell's learning and notorious lack of patience. "Szell is a man who is dreadfully right," said Isaac Stern. "He is *always* right.



SZELL CUING



COMMANDING



SHUSHING

Enough depth to disdain showmanship, enough fire to opt for ice.

posite paths. The Italian had brought Verdian passion to the Viennese world of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, restraining his fire with a rigorous intellectualism. Szell, born in Hungary and schooled in Vienna, brought a Viennese richness and Teutonic thoroughness to the mainstream of Central European music, touching it with a fierce temperament unheard of in most Germanic conductors. He had enough dramatic depth to disdain mere showmanship, enough inner fire to opt for ice.

Szell was an extraordinary pianist, and though he could not play a single orchestral instrument, he knew exactly what each could do, often proving he knew more about it than the players themselves. His beat was sharply defined and unfailing as an atomic clock. He was a scholar with a mania for research and a memory that neatly stored away the data in mental cubbyholes for instant retrieval. Though he cared deeply for paintings and literature and was a gourmet, music was his passion. Everything and everybody, including himself, was to be sacrificed to its perfection. He was fearsome, unforgiving and, in his own performances, nearly flawless. "Well, what do you know," chortled a musician once

kin still winces at Szell's uncompromising comment: "Serkin! How can you play such trash?" At 17, Richard Strauss hired young Szell as assistant conductor at the Berlin State Opera.

By 1930, Szell had earned a minor but worldwide reputation. As Europe geared itself for war, he moved from Prague to Scotland. When World War II broke out, Szell was returning to Glasgow from an Australian tour and found himself stranded in New York. Toscanini invited him to conduct the NBC Symphony; other U.S. orchestras soon extended invitations and, in 1942, he joined the Met, amazing the musicians by conducting Wagnerian operas from memory. It was there, later, as a guest, that he collided with the equally autocratic General Manager Rudolf Bing. Szell bowed to no man, and since Bing was boss, he left in a fury, vowing never to return. He never did.

New Leaf. An orchestra is to a conductor what a fine piano is to a pianist. So far, George Szell had played a long series of pianos, but none built to his specifications. When the Cleveland Orchestra asked him to become its permanent conductor in 1946, Szell knew he had his chance. His contract gave

If he doesn't know something, he won't even offer an opinion on it."

He expressed himself with Szellous precision. Unlike Toscanini, who would shriek, swear, smash watches and hurl chairs, Szell preferred the freezing stare and the poisonous epigram. Canadian Pianist Glenn Gould once arrived for rehearsal and proceeded to adjust his piano bench with Gouldish concern. Up a bit, down a hair, up a fraction, down a smidgen—while Szell smoldered. Finally he spoke: "Perhaps if I were to slice one-sixteenth of an inch off your derrière, Mr. Gould, we could begin." Later he was to say of Gould: "No doubt about it. That nut's a genius."

Those who could meet Szell's altitudinous standards, though, found him a helpful colleague and an artistic inspiration. Pianist Gary Graffman, who was the last soloist to play with the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell's baton, says, "He was the most human person that ever was. His uncompromising attitude was because he cared so much." The great conductor was once jocularly chided for working at rehearsal "as if it were a matter of life and death." Characteristically, Szell did not get the joke. "Don't you see," he said, "it is. It is!"

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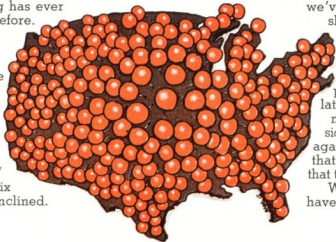
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RELIGION

Rumania's Open Churches

Every nation in Europe glories in its monuments to faith and civilization. For centuries now, pilgrims and art lovers have lingered in reverence before the dazzling domed temples of Byzantine Ravenna, the Gothic splendors of Canterbury and Chartres, the sinuous harmonies of the Baroque churches of Saragossa, Vienna and Prague. But few tourists have yet made their way to Moldavia, a distant province of northern Rumania, where some of the loveliest churches in Europe are clustered (see color pages). The churches of Moldavia are exceptional not only for their beauty but for how they are treated by the Communist state. While most of the churches in neighboring Russia are closed or have been turned into museums, the doors of virtually all Rumania's churches are open wide to the worshiper.

To visit the Moldavian churches and to investigate the unusual status of religion in Rumania, Contributing Editor Patricia Blake recently toured the country. Her report:

WHEN the leaders of world Communism pay state visits to the fraternal Rumanian Socialist Republic, they are often startled to find President Nicolae Ceausescu flanked by bearded dignitaries in sumptuous clerical robes—usually Patriarch Justinian, the primate of the Rumanian Orthodox Church and Dr. Moses Rosen, the Chief Rabbi of Bucharest. Such affronts to the militantly atheist ideology of Communism have been frequent occurrences since Ceausescu came to power in 1965. High-ranking prelates are now elected to the Rumanian National Assembly. Some members of the Rumanian Communist Party's Central Committee regularly attend Easter services in Bucharest. Clergymen of every denomination receive part of their salaries from the state.

Religious devotion seems at high tide. In the capital, as in virtually every town and village of Rumania, citizens can be seen devoutly crossing themselves as they pass before the Orthodox churches, all of which are crowded with worshippers. Furthermore, the government has spent 192.2 million lei (\$10.7 million) on the renovation of hundreds of churches across the country.

No Change of Heart. This permissiveness derives from no spiritual conversion on the part of Rumania's Communist rulers but from considerations of national self-interest. In 1948, right after the Russians brought Communism to power in Rumania, the new government duly followed the Soviet example by clamping down on all religions, including the predominant Orthodox Church. Hardest hit were the 1,560,000 Uniate Catholics, who are in union with Rome, but practice the Byzantine rite. The Un-

iate Church was outlawed, its five bishops and most of its parish priests arrested. Many died in prison. In a second spasm of repression in 1958-60, hundreds of Orthodox priests, monks and lay members were flung into prison. Even Patriarch Justinian was briefly placed under house arrest.

Since then, Rumania, the once dutiful satellite of Russia, has started spinning out of the Soviet orbit. Although Ceausescu continues to deny his people most civil liberties, he has resisted Soviet economic and foreign policies that counter Rumania's own interests. Notably, he refused to join Warsaw Pact forces in the 1968 Czechoslovak invasion, foreseeing a similar fate for Ru-



PRINCE STEPHEN
Hero and athlete of Christ.

mania. To shore up Rumania's perilous independence, Ceausescu has taken pains to secure the loyalty of the country's 20 million citizens. Since 15 million of them are Orthodox Christians, and the rest mostly Christians of other denominations, Ceausescu decided to be more liberal in his treatment of religion.

The chief beneficiary of his new concern is the Orthodox Church, which is not only a faith but also a symbol of Rumanian national identity. Established in the 14th century, the church was long the unique custodian of the culture and traditions of the Rumanian people as they suffered invasion and occupation by Magyars, Turks and Russians. Today, as Rumania once again feels threatened by Russia, the government is shrewdly fostering the patriotism embodied in the church.

It is no accident that Rumania's most celebrated churches are in Moldavia,

since it was here that the pious 15th century prince Stephen the Great defiantly stood off the invading Turkish infidels in several famous battles, not only making himself Rumania's foremost national hero, but also earning the admiration of Pope Sixtus IV, who gave him the title "athlete of Christ." Stephen's spirit endures in Moldavia. The superb monasteries, founded in his reign and fortified against the foreign invader, testify to Rumania's persistent will for independence.

The artists, architects and craftsmen who flourished in Moldavia in the 15th and 16th centuries elaborated their own singular style of architecture and decoration. Only the churches of Moldavia can boast of icons painted all around the outside walls, like so many brilliantly illuminated Old and New Testaments. These churches reflect Rumania's Byzantine heritage, in art as in religion, but their architecture is based on a completely original system of "Moldavian arches," used to vault the nave on which the tower rests. The graceful conical roofs complete a superb composition of colors and forms that is unique in all of Christendom.

On Sundays and holy days, the Moldavian collective farmers throng to these churches to attend services in which Stephen the Great and the leaders of the Rumanian Socialist Republic are both mentioned in a single benediction. Weekdays, the same peasants—men, women and adolescents—are often seen marching in motley uniform, with rifles and shotguns. They are members of the civilian military brigades organized for national defense by Ceausescu on the day after the Czechoslovak invasion. Such grim and hopeless exercises suggest that the descendants of Stephen's soldiers are again determined to do battle for God and nation, if not for Communism.

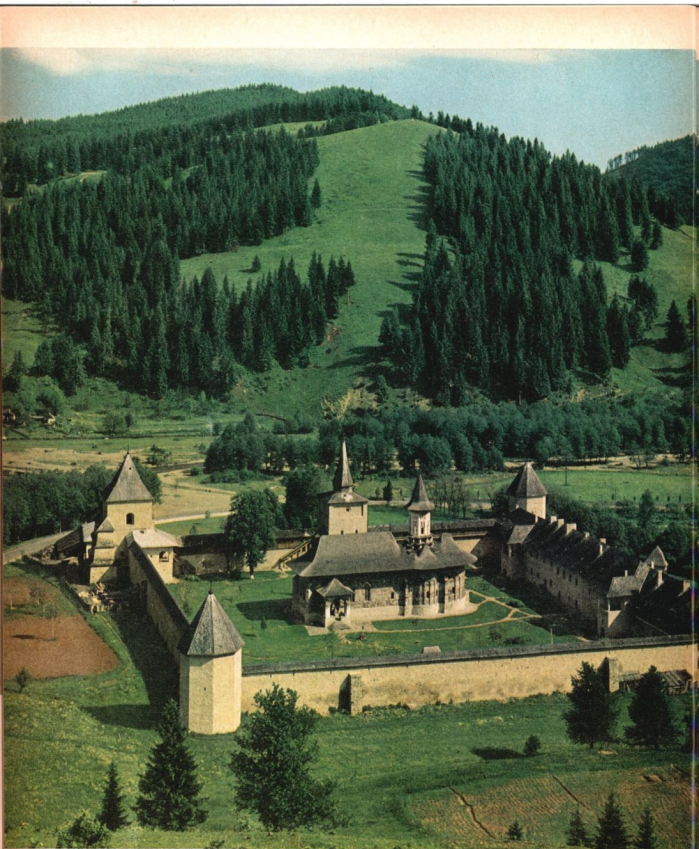
Orthodoxy Ascendant. The government's new tolerance of religion extends surprisingly far, at least where Orthodoxy is concerned. The official Communist press, which only lately was ranting against believers, is now under orders to avoid antireligious propaganda. The Orthodox hierarchy is allowed to publish nine magazines. Last year, 100,000 Bibles were printed by a state press, on paper donated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Although religious education is prohibited in the state schools, 1,900 students attend Orthodox seminaries and theological institutes. Many of the younger Orthodox nuns and monks, who were forced in 1967 to abandon their vocations for "socially useful" work, have been quietly permitted to return to the serenity and beauty of their monasteries.

Rumania's minorities, Hungarians and German-Saxons, are Roman-rite Catholics or Protestants. They, too, have benefited from this liberalization, though to a far lesser degree. Two theological institutes are training 171 would-be pastors of several denominations, who will



Tucked away in a remote corner of Moldavia in northern Rumania are 14 painted churches that are unique in the history of art. This one, the exquisite little country church at

Voronet, was founded in 1488 by a national hero, Stephen the Great. Its superb exterior frescoes, among the best preserved, were painted in 1547 by anonymous artists.



The medieval monastery of Sucevita was massively fortified against the Turkish invaders of Moldavia. The Rumanian Communist regime has reconstructed the roof,

towers and fortifications, and a major cleaning has restored the brilliant colors of the church's wall paintings. Sucevita is now a convent with 32 nuns and its own 74-acre farm.



Peasants in Moldavian costume attend services at the 1530 church at Humor. Once a rich mon-

astery endowed by local princes, Humor now serves worshipers from nearby collective farms.



The monastery of Moldovița was long a cultural center for master craftsmen and artists. The paint used on this and other churches has resisted the

heavy rains and snowfalls of the Moldavian climate for more than four centuries, and modern chemists have yet to discover its formula.

Moldavian frescoes often combine biblical themes with Greek legends and Rumanian folk motifs. In the Last Judgment on the church of Humor, a sea goddess perches on fish that are regurgitating drowned men who must appear, whole and naked, before Christ. This fanciful representation was painted in 1535 by a knight, Toma of Suceava, who had surely never seen such sea beasts, let alone an elephant, in landlocked Moldavia.



"The Ladder to Paradise" of St. John Climax is a traditional theme in Eastern Orthodox painting. This detail of a fresco, painted around 1600 by a monk at Sucevița, shows the apostles and prophets ascending the rungs, each inscribed with a virtue such as prayer or abstinence. Devils are depicted with impish Moldavian folk humor, plucking the unworthy off the ladder and prodding them toward hell.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ERIC SCHALL



serve 935,000 Hungarian and 187,000 Saxon Protestants. Rumania's 1,200,000 Catholics of the Roman rite, mainly Hungarians, peacefully attend Mass in their churches. There exists, however, an acute shortage of Bibles and prayer books for Protestants and Catholics.

But the status of Catholics in Rumania varies sharply according to their nationality and the rite they practice. The illegal Uniates, Rumanian Catholics of the Byzantine rite, have long been mistrusted by the Orthodox clergy and by superpatriots because of the Uniate breakaway from Orthodoxy to Catholicism in 1698. Some Uniates have joined the Orthodox Church, but the majority still have to worship clandestinely. All Catholic religious orders are banned.

The first sign of improvement in the lot of Catholics came in 1967, when the immensely revered Hungarian bishop, Aron Marton, was released after enduring 18 years of prison and house arrest. Shortly thereafter, Rumanian Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer paid a visit to the Vatican. Last March, Bishop Marton himself was finally allowed to visit Rome. Major, state-subsidized restoration has begun on the 13th century Catholic Cathedral of Alba Iulia. Here, the tiny, white-haired bishop, now 84, celebrates Mass every Sunday, as martyr and witness to the vagaries of Rumanian religious policy.

Rumania's treatment of Jews has been exceptionally decent under Communism. Before the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, the government permitted some 300,000 Jews to leave the country, mainly for Israel. The remaining 100,000 suffer no official anti-Semitism, but many long to join their relatives in Israel. But power politics have forced a reversal in Ceausescu's emigration policies. Having already incurred the displeasure of the U.S.S.R. by maintaining good relations with Israel, he is apparently unwilling to provoke Russia further by allowing large-scale Jewish emigration.

Avoiding the Sword. The Rumanian state has exacted a price for every measure of religious freedom it provides. The highest-ranking clergyman to the lowliest parish priest must all satisfy the authorities in order to remain in place. This means that prelates are frequently required to promote policies considered to be in the Rumanian national interest. In grimmer days, pulpits were often used as platforms for political exhortation. Patriarch Justinian dutifully denounced the 1956 Hungarian revolt, and Chief Rabbi Rosen likewise excoriated NATO for arming West Germany. Nowadays, the clergy tends to have more innocuous, often worthy, obligations, such as raising money abroad for the victims of last spring's disastrous Rumanian floods.

Still, the necessity to serve both God and Caesar weighs heavily on many churchmen. Others philosophically shrug it off, with the ancient and oft-repeated Rumanian proverb: "He who lowers his head avoids the sword."

"I thought my medicine bill was high until I considered what I received."

A young mother of three thinks about her family's bill for drug products and wonders what might have happened without them.

When I totaled up a year's medical bills, I found a family of five can use a lot of medicines.

Then I began checking back to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real crippler.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



EDUCATION

The Emperor of U.T.

Frank C. Erwin Jr. is the biggest booster the University of Texas has. His Cadillac is orange and white—the school colors—and he dotes on the national-champion Longhorn football team. He is a tireless money raiser and wants nothing less than to make the U.T. system the best in the country. He has no patience with anyone or anything he considers damaging to his beloved alma mater—and since Erwin is chairman of the university's board of regents, his antagonists are automatically on red alert.

Erwin cannot, for instance, abide student dissent, even the relatively bland variety found in the American Southwest. He is convinced that the survival

Regent Erwin, who was appointed to the board by Governor John Connally in 1963, is a rich, 50-year-old Austin lawyer, a longtime crony of Lyndon Johnson's, and a former Democratic National Committeeman. He is now emperor of the University of Texas. His idea of a great university is one where teachers teach, students study and regents govern at his direction. His strict construction of those views has kept him at constant odds with students and faculty.

Two years ago, Erwin threw a birthday party for Governor Connally in the U.T. gym. When antiwar students outside protested the presence of Lyndon Johnson, Erwin called them "a bunch of dirty nothin's." Last fall Erwin personally directed bulldozers in a



JOHN SILBER



FRANK ERWIN JR.

Even the blindest brand of dissent won't do.

of public universities is at stake, a feeling that many other citizens share. In the past four months, he has engineered the abrupt departures of six administrators, including Chancellor Harry Ransom and President (Austin campus) Norman Hackerman—both of whom, it is thought, were too soft on student militancy to suit Erwin. The latest casualty: Dr. John R. Silber, 43, one of the country's leading philosophers, who was fired as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, though he still retains his professorship. Dean Silber was ousted primarily because he opposed the administration's plan to split his college into smaller schools. He was also a target because of his liberalism, aggressiveness and potential candidacy for the U.T. presidency. According to one professor, Erwin told Silber: "John, you are the most intelligent, articulate and persistent man around. You scare the hell out of the incompetents above you."

confrontation with students over the uprooting of some stately oak and cypress trees to make way for expansion of the football stadium. He then pushed through a rule forbidding administrators to negotiate with disruptive students. Last January a straw poll of the 32,000 students at U.T.'s main campus in Austin showed 80% favoring Erwin's impeachment on the ground that he had "unwarrantedly interfered" with school operations. In the aftermath of Cambodia and Kent State, he refused to close down the Austin campus: "I'm unwilling to pay taxes to support an institution that just turns things over to these activist faculty members and students," says Erwin. "Students have no inherent rights to attend a college or university, just regardless of what they do." When some professors threatened to resign over Silber's dismissal, Erwin responded: "If any person employed by the university wishes to resign, all he

need do is quit playing games in the newspapers and submit his resignation."

Gaudy Caddy. Erwin is hardly a knee-jerk reactionary. Like many a Texas Democrat, he is coldly conservative on some issues, warmly liberal on others. When it comes to education, he is all populist, believing that every Texas youngster deserves a shot at college. He is probably the best education lobbyist in the state's history: U.T. appropriations have risen 175% in the past four years. Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes keeps an aquarium in his office and calls its most aggressive angelfish "Frank." But many friends see danger in Erwin's hyperenergetic loyalty to U.T. Some, for instance, refuse to get into his gaudy Caddy until he starts the engine. "They think some of those damned militants might plant a bomb on me," he says. Then he adds, with characteristic candor: "I can't blame them for thinking that way."

In fact, there is apprehension that U.T. is headed for a crisis or a decline or both. Erwin has called for "administrators with more courage and backbone than has been demonstrated in the past two or three years." Interim president, Bryce Jordan, is a musicologist (specialty: the piccolo) and a hard-liner on campus disorder. His new chancellor is Dr. Charles LeMaistre, a medical doctor who treated Erwin's wife through a terminal bout with cancer. Many faculty members agree with Classics Professor William Arrowsmith, who feels that those who now control U.T. are "interested only in mediocrities and nonentities who can be counted on to carry out the wishes of Chairman Erwin."

That may be unfair. The chairman, who spends more than 40 hours per week toiling for U.T., obviously feels that his wishes coincide with the university's needs. Even so, he is smarting from widespread dissatisfaction with the Silber firing. Some critics pointed out that as one consequence of the Silber affair, U.T. bypassed a \$200,000 Ford Foundation grant for experimentation in teaching techniques—a grant that was to be based in part on Silber's distinguished record. Key politicians have been silent about the firings—so far. It is too early to predict whether the American Association of University Professors will censure U.T. That happened in 1946, and few Texans welcome the prospect of reliving the bad old days.

A Jovial Insipid Subject

One of the pressures of entering fourth grade is an accelerated vocabulary. Most children find—and happily master—scores of big, new words in their textbooks. But for many inner-city children, whose parents do not use such words, the encounter can be agony. Unable to cope with their books, the kids often give up and quit learning.

In St. Louis last year, School Superintendent William Kottmeyer devised a new method for making new words alluring to 24,000 children, 68% of whom

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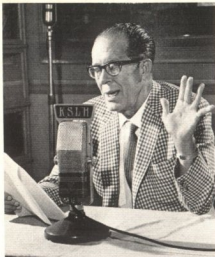
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THE THEATER



WILLIAM KOTTMAYER
Making words alluring.

are black. For three grades (fourth through sixth), Kottmeyer isolated several hundred potentially baffling words and used them in his own rewrites of classical myths and fables. Three times a week for eight months, the stories and lessons were broadcast into classrooms via the school system's own FM station. Pupils were pretested and retested each time; cumulative exams were given every three weeks.

Substantial Refutation. The results have recently been released—and they look impressive. IQ scores for Kottmeyer's fourth graders rose an average of 7.2 points; those for fifth and sixth graders went up 3.5 and 6.0 points. Spelling and reading scores were two to four months ahead of the national norms, and overall school performances were above all expectations.

Kottmeyer, who retired in June, is especially proud of student performance vis-à-vis national averages ("for city kids, it's unheard of"), and noted that blacks showed greater advances than their white classmates. As he sees it, the project constitutes "a substantial refutation of the idea that black kids are inferior by their heritage, and therefore nothing can be done for them." Every bit as enthusiastic, many students used their newly acquired words to write glowing thank-you notes to Kottmeyer. Excerpts: ▶ "The words were very profitable to me. Once I knew them I felt like an oracle or a brilliant person. You made a logical superintendent."

▶ "Now the children in the fifth grade in the schools of St. Louis can cogitate better with your myriads of words. I have no suggestions to your program because it is very apropos. You also must be a very genial man. Ordinarily children don't like these kinds of programs, but this time they are overwhelmed."

▶ "Dr. Kottmeyer, you made an insipid subject very jovial."
▶ "I appreciate the time you gave to us to learn the words. I absorbed them like a mellow strawberry."

Gilt Without the Lily

"A spade," says a character in one of Christopher Fry's plays, "is never so merely a spade as the word spade would imply." At least not in Fry's plays. Fanciful and stylized, they are written in a verse that it hardly seems fair to call blank. Everything is cloaked in a brocade of metaphors. Was that a rooster's crow? No, it was "the pickaxe voice of a cock, beginning to break up the night." Did it rain? No, "the heavens emptied their pots." Fry uses such figures of speech—more figures than speech—in an attempt to jolt his audience into a fresh recognition of commonplace truths.

Given a rather earthbound production by England's Nottingham Playhouse company, *A Yard of Sun* still rises to Fry's characteristic pitch, which might be described as cheeky-cosmic. The simplest of his characters can spin out ro-coco banter about the universe, God and the meaning of life. The setting is a courtyard in Siena, Italy, in 1446. The occasion is the reunion of four men back from the war—a refugee from a concentration camp, a doctor who was a partisan guerrilla, a would-be politician who joined the fascists, and a black marketeer who made a fortune by profiteering. While Siena's annual *Palio*, an ancient horseracing festival, erupts in the background, the men and their families struggle to come to terms with their past and to learn how to go about their daily business again.

Balance Restored. The key symbolic action of the play comes when one of the men falls off his horse in the *Palio*, but the horse goes on to win the race any-

way. Fry's familiar, hopeful theme is that life, like a horse, sometimes has to be given its head to work things out for itself. Unfortunately Christopher Fry's characters and incidents are rarely as surprising or as meticulously well-chosen as his metaphors. His wit is bright, his set pieces are ringing, his sentiment is affecting, but his drama, unhappily, is hollow. The glittering language too often seems to be gilt for a nonexistent lily.

Yet despite its faults, *Sun* may help to restore some balance to Fry's reputation. Bearing the subtitle *A Summer Comedy*, it completes a quartet of plays intended to celebrate the seasons and the regenerative powers of the human spirit. When Fry began the cycle in 1948 with *The Lady's Not for Burning* (spring) and continued two years later with *Venus Observed* (autumn), his name flared like a rocket over the grayness of postwar theater. He was, it seemed, no less than a successor to the Elizabethans. After his winter play in 1954, *The Dark Is Light Enough*, the English stage was stormed by the realistic "angry" playwrights, and Fry was jostled off. Suddenly, it seemed, he was no more than an arch and interminably garrulous trifle.

Now, after a 16-year hiatus, which Fry has devoted largely to film scripts and translations of foreign plays, *Sun* serves as a reminder that his old acclaim and ostracism were both exaggerated. At their best, his plays strike a mean that, if not golden, is a highly polished alloy. Dramatically, he is neither as large nor as small a Fry as he has been taken for.

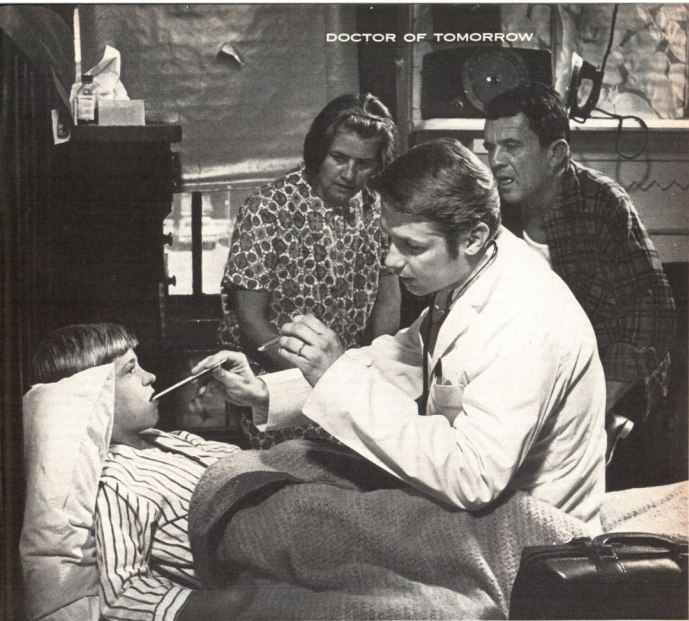
■ Christopher Porterfield



SCENE FROM "A YARD OF SUN"

The vision is fresh, but the truths remain commonplace.

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BUSINESS

Rising Attack on Stock Exchange Insiders

THE well-publicized clobbering that Wall Street's professionals have taken during this year's slump has hit nobody more than the men who make the markets on the stock exchange floors—the specialists. Estimates of the losses absorbed by the 470 specialists on the New York and American stock exchanges run to tens of millions of dollars. That is not surprising, considering the seemingly thankless job that these insiders have. They are supposed to buy when most investors are selling, and sell when most are buying.

Now insult has been added to financial injury: the specialists are under widespread attack. The Securities and Exchange Commission is again examining them, as part of its broader study of the market, and even New York Stock Exchange President Robert Haack concedes: "The specialist system has its shortcomings." As if that were not enough, Richard Ney, a onetime movie actor turned investment adviser, has condemned the specialists in his sensationalist bestseller, *The Wall Street Jungle*. He charges that the specialists manipulate the market and more than make up their short-term losses by turning enormous profits when prices rise, as they eventually do. Most Wall Streeters find Ney's indictment grossly overstated, though few disagree with his underlying premise that the specialist system is flawed.

The system is hardly modern. According to Wall Street lore, it began by accident in 1875, when a broker

named Boyd fractured his leg. Unable to move around the exchange floor, Boyd stood in place near the post where Western Union shares were traded; soon other brokers began using him to handle their buying and selling in Western Union. Instead of milling around the post until they found other brokers ready to trade Western Union, they left their orders with Boyd and moved on to the next transaction. The system spread, and today there are specialists in all listed issues. Stock markets in Canada and Japan, among other countries, do not have specialists, but the chaotic trading that prevails in those places is evidence that specialists can be valuable.

When a broker cannot readily find a buyer for a stock that he wants to sell, the specialist in that issue is supposed to buy it, thus preventing the price from caving in. When demand for the stock becomes strong, the specialist is supposed to sell it. Trouble is, the exchanges do not require a specialist to keep a stock from moving widely up or down. As the generally worded constitution of the New York Stock Exchange puts it, he must merely help moderate the price changes between each transaction "insofar as reasonably practicable."

Conflict of Interest. Many floor brokers, mutual-fund traders and major brokerage firms criticize the system. For one thing, there is a potential conflict of interest because the specialist plays a dual role. He is both a broker for other brokers and a dealer for his own

account. Though the specialist risks his own money, he stands to profit from his inside knowledge of the shifting demands for stock and from his commission on trades. As a broker, he is supposed to get the best price for other brokers, even if that means losing on his inventory of stock. But it would take a saintly soul to do that all the time. If the specialist has a large interest in a stock, his instinct is to keep its price up; if he is short on the stock, he may be tempted to let it go down. Many specialists have taken a licking in 1970, when selling pressures have been enormous, but they did well in other years. Six-figure incomes are the rule.

Lack of Capital. Another complaint is that some specialists "walk away from the market" and fail to keep stock prices from gyrating sharply. The specialists argue that the current market did not fall in wild, panicky drops, as some bears had expected during the glum days last spring. But there were some sharp breaks in individual stocks. In a special report made after the assassination of President Kennedy, the SEC severely criticized the specialists for failing to support the market during that difficult time.

Some specialists do not have enough money to buy all the stock that they must in order to keep the market orderly. In an effort to buttress the capital of the specialists, the Big Board within the past five years has forced them to merge into units—a minimum



TRADING ON THE BIG-BOARD FLOOR

Needed: more capital and competition.



SPECIALIST IN ACTION

of three men each. These units have from \$2,000,000 to \$50 million of their own money to work with. They are also allowed to buy stock at 25% margin, compared with the 65% demanded of all other investors. Even those sizable funds may not be enough to cope with the huge institutional trades in today's market. A specialist's capital may be completely tied up on days when he is inundated by several 100,000-share blocks. No specialist unit has gone broke during the bear market that dates from December 1968, but several have had to take in partners from brokerage firms to shore up their capital. Benton & Co.'s eight partners, who are specialists for U.S. Steel, Royal Dutch, Raytheon and 28 other issues, recently considered drawing straws to see who would sell his exchange seat to raise money.

Partly because of inadequate performance by some specialists, the mutual funds and other institutions often avoid doing business on the exchanges. Instead, the institutions have begun to trade through well-capitalized brokerage firms that concentrate on handling big blocks. While most of these firms are exchange members, some are threatening to quit and take their business with them unless the specialists provide better service. In addition, quite a few brokerages do not trade on the exchange at all, but deal directly with big customers. If the exchanges are to continue to be the primary stock markets, they must fight this competition.

The Closed Club. The faults of the specialists stem largely from the fact that they operate as a private, loosely restricted club. Any well-heeled exchange member can theoretically become a specialist, but all the listed issues are already assigned to the relatively few specialists. On the New York Stock Exchange, newly listed issues are allocated by a 17-man committee; of its members, six are specialists, and the rest figure to be allied with them by friendship or self-interest.

The exchanges have only rarely taken a stock away from any specialist. Since specialists enjoy a monopoly position, some tend to become slothful. The floor brokers who deal with them gossip about those who, out of timidity or cupidity, have failed to perform well. If the specialist system were not so politically controlled, the exchanges might consider dismissing a few specialists. In addition, the exchanges might do well to permit floor brokers to vote secretly every year on which specialists to drop from the club.

At the very least, the specialists ought to have more capital and more competition among themselves. Bringing more bright young members into the tight old club could serve both purposes. One way to improve the system would be to assign at least two specialists to each stock, thus increasing the capital available to stabilize the issue and introducing a measure of competition.



AUSTIN TESTIFYING

Welfare is not enough.

FLORIDA PICKERS



CORPORATIONS

The Candor That Refreshes

Even with the best of intentions, corporations sometimes have a tough time keeping pace with demands for social reform. Consider the case of the Coca-Cola Co. It has exemplary programs for hiring the hard-core unemployed and controlling pollution. But just after Earth Day, the company was singled out by pollution protesters, who dumped mountains of nonreturnable bottles at its Atlanta headquarters. Lately Coca-Cola has found itself a target of criticism in a more serious matter that it has too long neglected: its treatment of migrant workers.

The living conditions of workers in the Florida citrus groves were limned in both a television documentary and Senator Walter Mondale's Subcommittee on Migratory Labor. The migrants who work for Coke, picking oranges for its Minute Maid fruit juices, live in tiny houses (often with outdoor plumbing) and have little in the way of the employee benefits that have become an American norm. Children work in the fields partly to maintain the family income, partly because their mothers simply cannot afford to stay at home to look after them. To answer for his company, Coca-Cola President J. Paul Austin was called up before the subcommittee. Rather than try to defend Coca-Cola's record, Austin was refreshingly candid. He concluded that the living conditions of the workers are indeed "deplorable."

Simple Amenities. Though Coke has owned the groves since 1960, Austin said, he awakened to the migrant workers' plight only in 1968, after he had begun reading about Cesar Chavez's drive to organize California grape pickers (see THE NATION). Austin sent J. Lucian Smith, president of Coke's food division, to inspect the Florida groves. Smith reported back to him that the workers' living conditions "could not in conscience be tolerated by the Coca-Cola Co."

With that, Coke started to provide

the workers with simple amenities—things like ice water, toilet facilities and gloves for pickers in the groves. "Our first instinct," said Austin, "was to change the physical condition in which the migrant worker found himself trapped." The second thought was that simple welfare was not enough. Last February, accordingly, Coke sent a team of behavioral scientists to Florida to plan a comprehensive program that would, in Austin's words, "face up to the basic human problems involved." The result of their study amounts to a sound approach to caring for the migrant workers.

Benefits and Bonuses. More than anything else, the plan illustrates what has been lacking up to now. The company will establish four permanent social-service centers and one mobile center, which will offer child care, preschool training and adult education. Austin promised better medical care and toilet-equipped buses to transport workers between home and the citrus groves. He said in addition that the company will have "modern and sanitary" dormitories and new homes for its seasonal workers, and will raise the wages for 300 full-time grove workers by 23%, to a top of \$2 per hour. The roughly 1,000 part-time workers will get higher pay and health and life insurance coverage.

By adjusting its planting and harvesting schedule, the company intends to shift as many part-timers as possible to full-time status. Instead of being paid piecework rates, they will collect hourly wages plus production bonuses. By using these incentives to raise productivity, Austin hopes to convert 200 workers to full-time status next year; the plan is for two-thirds of the harvesting employees to be on full-time status with all benefits in five to seven years.

Social critics may charge that Coca-Cola took a long time to act, and that its timetable for progress is exceptionally drawn out. That may be true, but at least Coke has produced a promising program that other companies might well emulate.

ADVERTISING

The Darkening Drug Mood

As never before, advertising claims are being investigated by critics who question their honesty and wonder about their impact on life-styles. On two fronts last week, the manufacturers of over-the-counter drugs were involved in controversy over their advertising:

"It is advertising," says Utah's Senator Frank E. Moss, "which mounts so graphically the message that pills turn rain to sunshine, gloom to joy, depression to euphoria and solve problems and dispel doubts." Moss's indictment reflects a growing Government concern that ad campaigns for proprietary drugs—notably sleeping pills, sedatives, stay-awake stimulants and analgesics—may be contributing to the alarming spread of drug abuse.

At the prodding of Moss and others, the Federal Trade Commission has just begun a study to determine advertising's part in creating a mood for drug use and what, if anything, should be done

to lend credibility to the charge. His organization is reviewing the ads of all member firms to assess their influence on drug abuse. Proprietary drug producers, who last year spent about \$118 million in advertising 48 brands of headache, tension and drowsiness remedies, are slowly moving to soften their messages. Jeffrey Martin Inc., manufacturer of Compoz, "the little blue pill" sedative, has tacked a caveat to the end of its commercials. "When needed take only as directed; only for the purpose specified," an announcer recites. "Remember: Use, do not abuse!"

In a second important development, one of the industry's leading producers of analgesics is being sued for false advertising. Two weeks ago, representatives of three consumer groups in Washington brought suit against Bristol-Myers, complaining that its ads for Excedrin were "false, misleading and deceptive." The ad's message: "In a major hospital study, two Excedrin worked better in relieving pain than twice as many aspirin." The complaint is the result of a study made by Ralph Nader's Center for Study of Responsive Law, which challenges the validity of the hospital tests on which the Excedrin comparison is based. Bristol-Myers officials call the suit "irresponsible" and maintain that their message is "honest and accurate."

The plaintiffs seek an injunction against the claim, an admission that the ads were false, and cash awards for all consumers who consider themselves deceived. One of the Excedrin ads in question shows Actor David Janssen, who had played a doctor in a television series, delivering the pitch in Atlantic City, the site of many medical conventions. NBC was sufficiently skeptical of the claim to ban the Janssen commercial.

Seeking Fast Relief. The consumer groups went to court partly because of their impatience with the slow pace of FTC actions against questionable advertising. Only after ten years of dickering did the commission crack down on the J.B. Williams Co.'s claims that its Geritol and FemIron remedy tiredness, loss of strength or nervousness. The FTC turned the case over to the Justice Department, which is suing for \$1,000,000 in penalties against Williams and its agency, Parkson Advertising. Similarly, the FTC has been investigating the advertising promises of Excedrin, Anacin, Bufferin, Bayer, St. Joseph aspirin and other analgesics since the early 1960s. It has issued complaints and proposed guidelines, but its efforts remain bogged in the courts on procedural technicalities.

The consumers' case against Excedrin has substantial legal significance. The plaintiffs are laying claim to some of the powers of the FTC and the Justice Department, which previously have instituted all court actions against questionable ads. If the plaintiffs win, any private groups or individuals could bring suit against all advertising that they believe to be deceptive.

INVESTMENTS

A Bundle from America

When the shares of Britain's Plessey Co. went on the New York Stock Exchange in mid-July, they brought a sunburst of activity that is rare for new issues in today's market. In the majority of trading sessions during the past two weeks, Plessey was first or second on the most active list and moved up from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a share. Wall Streeters knew that Plessey was a highly profitable but hardly conspicuous manufacturer of telecommunications gear, radar, electronic components and Garrard phonograph equipment. What intrigued investors most was that the company's small American subsidiary had just acquired Alloys Unlimited, a prime U.S. producer of metal alloys and semiconductor components. In the process, Plessey skirted British and U.S. investment regulations with a plan that could be a model for other foreign companies seeking to enter the American market.

Like all British companies that are eager to expand in the U.S., Plessey had

REN RIGAN—CANADA 5



PLESSEY'S SINZHEIMER
An unalloyed boon.

been held back by the Bank of England's curbs on capital outflow. At the same time, Plessey's ambitions to raise growth capital through stock sales in America were frustrated by the U.S.'s 11% interest equalization tax on purchases of foreign securities. Plessey's financial chief, Eric Frye, and the head of its U.S. subsidiary, Warren Sinzheimer, developed an idea that would overcome both barriers. The idea: the British company would issue a new class of "dollar shares," list them on the New York Exchange and pay dividends in dollars from the firm's America earnings.

Avoiding the Tax. The dollar shares made it possible for Sinzheimer, 43, an acquisition-minded New York City lawyer, to buy the rich American firm. After weighing several possibilities, Plessey's managing director, John Clark, had chosen Alloys Unlimited because

EXCEDRIN AD

Now, caveats with some commercials.

about it. The FTC will make a preliminary report of its findings on Sept. 1. Soon after, Moss, who is chairman of the Senate's consumer subcommittee, plans to hold hearings that could lead to legally binding guidelines for drug advertising. In California, a bill was introduced last January to require every drug manufacturer advertising in the state to spend a quarter of its promotion budget on anti-drug education. The bill's sponsor, Assemblyman William Campbell, agreed to defer hearings until he could assess the results of a campaign against drug abuse that the Advertising Council is sponsoring.

Though there is no firm evidence that ads create the mood for drug taking, J.N. Cooke, chief of the Proprietary Association, a trade group of manufacturers of over-the-counter drugs, says that some "hard sell" ads may have

of its strength in microelectronic circuitry. A stock swap made sense to managers of both companies, but it had to win the approval of the Bank of England, the U.S. Government and the shareholders of Plessey and Alloys. To work out the deal, Sinsheimer commuted regularly across the Atlantic; once he completed a round trip in 24 hours.

A month ago, an agreement was concluded for Plessey, which had sales last year of \$494 million, to have its subsidiary absorb Alloys, which had a volume of \$160 million. Plessey swapped 6.5 dollar shares for each Alloys share. Altogether, the transferred stock is worth \$130 million and gives American investors a 20% interest in Plessey.

The Bank of England consented to the deal because no pounds sterling will leave the country. The U.S. Treasury ruled that Alloys shareholders will be exempt from the interest equalization tax because the transaction was an exchange rather than a purchase. "Some foreign economies are doing considerably better than the U.S. economy," says Sinsheimer, "but the interest equalization tax has been a deterrent to investments by Americans in foreign companies. We hope that we have shown the way to remove this obstacle."

Computerized Mail. The acquisition of Alloys, which is based on Long Island, gives Plessey access to plenty of valuable technical expertise in micro-circuitry and metals manufacturing. The deal also opens wide American outlets for Plessey's goods and processes. One promising item is a mail-handling system, controlled by a computer, that enables 24 women to code 50,000 letters an hour. These codes are read by an optical scanner, which directs the letters to appropriate sorting slots and speeds them through post offices. A \$2,400,000 pilot system will begin operation this month in Cincinnati. The American market for this device alone could be an unalloyed boon for Plessey.

JAPAN

The Great Barber-Chair Coup

With money short and hairstyles increasingly long, many men are taking their time between haircuts. Barbers in some cities report that their business has been clipped by 25% to 50%. But even the barbers' woes seem small when measured against those of the manufacturers of barber chairs. For many years they had a cozy industry; several domestic firms earned a steady profit by selling about 10,000 chairs a year to the U.S.'s 100,000 barbershops. Then in 1957, Osaka's Takara Belmont Co. slipped into the U.S. and began a classic Japanese takeover.

Takara was so adept at copying that it set some kind of Japanese record for chutzpah. Its first models were almost exact duplicates of the chairs produced by the leading U.S. manufacturer, Chicago's Emil J. Paidar Co. In fact, the parts were interchangeable. Thus, if an arm or footrest broke, Takara's distributors in the U.S. simply picked up replacements from Paidar, eliminating the need for expensive shipping or an even costlier service network.

Hair-Curling Recession. Besides selling its chairs for 20% to 30% less than U.S. models, Takara has since introduced the concept of planned obsolescence. It now brings out new models every 18 months. As a result, its chairs are often more advanced than anything that the competition has to offer. The firm's latest model, which sells in the U.S. for \$1,000, is the ultimate in tensorial cossetting. It has a wrap-around contour shape and a hydraulic system that automatically raises the seat and gingerly lowers the back for massage or hot towel treatments; while the occupant's hair is being clipped, an electrical system in the chair gently massages his back and calves. Takara's salesmen boast that their chair is



TAKARA'S YOSHIKAWA & PRODUCT
One for Hirohito too.

fit for a king. Two users of the chairs are Japan's Emperor Hirohito, who had one installed in his Tokyo palace, and King Bhumibol of Thailand.

Takara has 70% of the U.S. market and worldwide sales of \$25 million. Last year it opened an assembly plant in Somerset, N.J., and acquired the barber-chair subsidiary of Koken Companies, Inc. of St. Louis. Today there is only one large U.S.-owned manufacturer left: Paidar. The company once held 70% of the market, but now it is so troubled that President Nixon has ordered that it be given special Government aid.

Power of Prayer. Takara is headed by Hidenobu Yoshikawa, a bouncy 70-year-old who founded the firm 49 years ago. A devout Buddhist, he says

Foreign Holdings in the U.S.: The Quiet Invasion

AMERICAN investment in foreign countries is often an irritation to foreigners, who worry about alien economic dominance. What is far less visible and less controversial is the great foreign stake in the U.S. Few Americans realize that when they launder clothes with Lever Brothers' Lux, drink Lipton's Tea, open a can of Libby's tomato juice or groom their hair with Beecham's Brylcreem, they are buying from companies owned or controlled by foreigners.

At least nine huge U.S. corporations are foreign-controlled. The Netherlands-British Royal Dutch/Shell Group controls 69% of Shell Oil; Belgium's Petrofina owns two-thirds of American Petrofina; AKU of The Netherlands controls American Enka; The Netherlands-British Unilever owns both Lever Brothers and Thomas J. Lipton; Distillers Corp.-Seagrams of Canada has Joseph E. Seagram; Italy's Olivetti company is outright owner of Olivetti Underwood; the Swiss Nestlé Co. holds one-third of Libby, McNeill & Libby, and Canada's George Weston Limited has 57% of National Tea.

Counting all holdings of securities, foreign investment in

the U.S. totaled an estimated \$91 billion last year—\$10 billion more than in 1968. Even that impressive total does not include the reinvested earnings of foreign companies in the U.S. and it does not show the companies' market value, which is usually well above the book value on which the figures are based. Foreign investment is still less than the U.S. stake overseas, which reached an estimated \$143 billion in 1969. But the foreign holding in the U.S. is growing at a far faster rate: 55% in the past five years, compared with a 35% growth in U.S. investment overseas.

Meanwhile, the growth of U.S. investments abroad is being retarded by Washington. Last week the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce reported that mandatory controls on direct investment is reducing U.S. competitiveness. The Council concluded that restrictions endanger the expansion of overseas profits, which currently contribute \$7 billion to \$8 billion a year to U.S. foreign exchange earnings. Ironically, the restrictions may thus damage the nation's balance of payments situation instead of improving it, as they were intended to do.

that he conceives all of his business ideas, including the one to enter the U.S. market, during his daily prayer periods. Takara's \$1,000,000 "Beautifull" at the Osaka World's Fair is a futuristic pile of steel tubing and rounded capsules that reflects Yoshikawa's flamboyant sense of promotion. On one floor, 48 barber chairs shaped like lotus leaves lift visitors nine feet in the air to see a psychedelic display projected on the ceiling; the wailing sound track incorporates the voice of Yoshikawa in prayer.

Though he is almost as bald as a Boy Scout's knee, Yoshikawa never misses his weekly trip to the barber, who trims what tendrils are left and gives him a massage. More weekly haircuts, he asserts, could improve the chances for world peace because "neatness induces a repose in the mind." Unless, of course, one happens to be a Takara competitor.

WESTERN EUROPE

Across the Vanishing Borders

More and more, auto manufacturing is becoming a multinational business. Last week the French government approved the first deal in history under which companies from two countries, France's tire-making Michelin and Italy's car-making Fiat, will share control of a major auto manufacturer, France's Citroën. The companies had agreed on the outlines of the contract in 1968, but only now—long after De Gaulle had departed—did the government approve.

The majority of Citroën's stock will be put into a new holding company, of which 51% will be owned by Michelin and 49% by Fiat. Since Fiat's sales are much greater than Michelin's (\$2.3 billion compared with \$1.1 billion last year), many French observers expect that the Italian company will ultimately dominate Citroën, which lost money last year on sales of \$1.4 billion. The deal will strengthen the position of Gianni

Agnelli's Fiat in the world auto market and more important, will probably open the way to further big business combinations across Europe's rapidly vanishing borders.

CONSTRUCTION

Reaching for the Skies

Chicago has long prided itself on being an architectural showcase, and its residents have delighted in topping New York City in almost anything. True, Chicago lagged behind New York in the post-World War II building boom for many years—but lately builders have been reaching for the skies.

In 1968, the 100-story John Hancock Center was opened, and at 1,127 ft. it ranked as the world's second tallest building, after Manhattan's 1,250-ft. Empire State Building. Early this year Standard Oil (Indiana) unfurled plans to put up a Chicago headquarters that, when finished in 1972, will be 9 ft. taller than the John Hancock. Last week Sears, Roebuck & Co. announced that it will build the tallest skyscraper of them all, bigger even than the 1,350-ft. World Trade Center now going up in Lower Manhattan, which was to top the Empire State. The new Sears headquarters, opening in 1974, will be a 109-story tower rising 1,450 ft. Designed by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, it will occupy a block-square site in the southwest corner of the Loop.

Until recently, many architects believed that the era of huge skyscrapers was finished because they are so costly. But Sears executives expect to gain profit as well as prestige from their building. About two-fifths of its 4,400,000 sq. ft. of office space will be rented out to other tenants. Extremely high floors command premium prices, and Sears plans to charge rents of \$8.50 to \$12 per sq. ft. The new building will cost more than \$100 million, but even in these times of tight money the company can afford it. Sears intends to finance the entire cost out of its accumulated earnings.

MILESTONES

Died. Louis E. Lomax, 47, black newsman (*Chicago's American*) and author (*The Negro Revolt, When the Word Is Given*) known for his evenhanded approach to race, who came down hard on black extremists and white segregationists; in an auto crash; near Santa Rosa, N. Mex.

Died. Sir John Barbirolli, 70, internationally famed conductor; of heart disease; in London. Barbirolli was only 37 when he was called upon to step into the retiring Arturo Toscanini's shoes at the New York Philharmonic; it was an impossible task, and he returned to England in 1943 to shape Manchester's venerable but war-ravaged Hallé Orchestra into one of Europe's best.

Died. Jimmy Conzelman, 72, pianist, actor, author, raconteur, but most of all one of pro football's earliest and best-loved coaches, who stunned the sports world by guiding the underdog Cardinals, then of Chicago, to a championship in 1947, the first and only time they have hit the jackpot during 36 years in the National Football League; in St. Louis.

Died. George Szell, 73, conductor of Cleveland's orchestra (see Music).

Died. Dan Able Kimball, 74, an early aviator and Secretary of the Navy from 1951 to 1953, but best known as the executive who turned Aerojet-General Corp. from a tiny General Tire subsidiary into an aerospace giant (engines, rockets, bomb fuses); in Washington, D.C. Less than two days after Kimball's death, his wife Doris, 69, who wrote a syndicated Washington column under her maiden name of Doris Flesson, died of a stroke.

Died. António de Oliveira Salazar, 81, dictator of Portugal for 40 years (see THE WORLD).

Died. Helen Rogers Reid, 87, president, then chairman of the board (1947-55) of the now-defunct New York *Herald Tribune*; in Manhattan. Wife of the *Trib's* Editor-President Ogden Reid, she made her name on the business side as a crack ad saleswoman who had, as one colleague put it, "the persistence of gravity." She went to work in 1918, was responsible for doubling lineage by 1923, and after that headed the ad department until 1947, when she assumed command at the death of her husband. In politics, she continued the *Trib's* tradition of moderate Republicanism; as a journalist she campaigned to reach U.S. women with expanded news of society, gardening, child and husband care, even an experimental kitchen to devise and test recipes. After retiring in 1955, she continued as a board member until 1958, when control was sold to John Hay Whitney.

CHICAGO: SEARS BUILDING MODEL AT RIGHT, JOHN HANCOCK UPPER LEFT



BOOKS

The System v. U.S.S. Pueblo

BUCHER: MY STORY by Commander Lloyd M. Bucher with Mark Rascovich. 447 pages. Doubleday, \$7.95.

A MATTER OF ACCOUNTABILITY: THE TRUE STORY OF THE PUEBLO AFFAIR by Trevor Armbrister. 408 pages. Coward-McCann, \$7.95.

To pursue military tradition faithfully is to run from nature's law. It is to give one's own life, and the lives of those in one's charge, a lower value than duty, no matter how vague or irrational the mandate may be in a particular crisis. Commander Lloyd Bucher chose nature and common sense when his test came. Rather than let his crew be slaughtered for no other purpose

BLACK STAR



COMMANDER BUCHER & WIFE

confront *Pueblo's* story from different perspectives. Bucher views events through two narrow apertures: his own experience as a thoroughly conventional officer, and his status as the new skipper of a small, unimportant ship. Armbrister, who traveled and interviewed widely on the *Pueblo* story, provides a less intimate but much broader account.

Both, for instance, make a point of the Navy's decision to classify the intelligence-gathering cruise as a "minimal risk" operation. But Armbrister traces the planning process through the chain of command in Hawaii and Washington. At the Honolulu headquarters, it was a young ensign in the intelligence section who passed on the low-risk appraisal; an experienced specialist in North Korean affairs had been shunted aside for

ing mechanism that kept breaking down. *Pueblo* was crammed with highly classified material and devices. Yet it possessed only rudimentary equipment for destroying its secrets in an emergency. The Pentagon had authorized *Pueblo* to carry a relatively large, 3-in. 50-cal. cannon. But tiny, overloaded *Pueblo* had neither the deck space for it nor qualified gunners to man it. Bucher settled for two ineffectual .50-cal. machine guns mounted in exposed positions.

Actually, *Pueblo* was never intended to fight. Its protection lay in international law or, in a crisis, possible help from elsewhere. Brigadier General John W. Harrell Jr., the Air Force commander in South Korea, was informed of Bucher's mission in advance and asked the Navy if planes should be kept on "strip alert" for a possible rescue operation; the Navy was not interested. While *Pueblo* was at sea, North Korea sent an assassination



U.S.S. "PUEBLO"

Through narrow apertures, an inadvertent judgment.

than to maintain Navy custom, he chose to surrender U.S.S. *Pueblo* to the six North Korean vessels that had him encircled and hopelessly outgunned.

Dead, Bucher could have been a hero in the eyes of the Navy, the most tradition conscious of the armed services. Alive, he became a problem. He is the personification of a tragedy of errors that would seem incredible in even the wildest of antiwar satires. And, though he has remained in the Navy and professes his loyalty and affection for the service, he will not be silent.

Minimal Risk. In publishing *Bucher: My Story* and in assisting Journalist Trevor Armbrister to prepare *A Matter of Accountability*, Bucher rebels against the role of scapegoat that the Navy's board of inquiry tried to assign him and a few others. The commander succeeds to the extent that he shows his real adversary to have been a fantastically inefficient bureaucracy—the U.S. Navy. Armbrister's findings generally support Bucher. Yet these two densely detailed books also show, almost inadvertently, that Bucher himself was not the decisive officer he might have been.

Though they agree on all their major conclusions, Bucher and Armbrister

opaque reasons. In Washington, representatives of the Pentagon, State Department, CIA, White House and National Security Agency approved *Pueblo's* excursion. One ranking NSA official warned that the North Koreans had turned pugnacious and implied that the *Pueblo* should have protection. The message caromed around the Pentagon but never reached Japan.

Before setting out from Japan, Bucher asked Rear Admiral Frank Johnson, his boss, for TNT charges to scuttle the *Pueblo* in an emergency. The request went to a supply officer, who offered thermite instead. Bucher realized that carrying thermite, an incendiary substance, was both dangerous and contrary to Navy regulations. He could have made a fuss but decided against doing so. "All I could accomplish by pressing it further," he writes as apology, "was to upset Admiral Johnson and his staff by giving them the impression they had a skipper on their hands who seemed obsessed with the capability to blow up his own ship."

The converted Army cargo vessel was ill prepared in other respects. Though assigned to cruise near hostile coasts in poor weather, it had an antiquated steer-

team to Seoul with President Chung Hee Park as the target. This graphic signal of Pyongyang's mood did not make the Navy any more concerned about *Pueblo*. Even after Bucher reported that he had been sighted, his superiors offered neither guidance nor protection.

Consolation Prize. Once the North Koreans started shooting, confusion aboard the *Pueblo* was matched by lack of coordination in higher echelons. Even the Navy's belated attempt to get Air Force assistance was delayed by difficulties in using a secure telephone line. Then differences between Air Force and Navy procedures led an Air Force major to believe that the message was merely a drill. The carrier *Enterprise* might have helped, but received no orders. In Hawaii, Admiral John Hyland got word of the seizure. Armbrister asked him later what he did, and Hyland replied: "We just sat there and looked at each other, and we thought, 'How is that possible?'"

Bucher is tormented by the same question. In tones alternately bitter and resigned, he tells more than his own and the *Pueblo's* story. He candidly recounts his own preoccupation with rank and assignment, a concern all too com-

How much do you see when

Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from **THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH**.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this turbulently emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that overpowers the two clouds on the horizon. The foreground is uncertain—an ill-defined crossroad. A dirt path seen in part in the foreground runs blindly off both sides of the canvas; a grass track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself rises like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the tumult swarm toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the horizon rolls relentlessly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in on him and his roads of escape were blocked, with the land rising up and the sky glowering down. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something not only about this work, but about *all* works of art?

If your answer to any or all of these questions is yes... if a single paragraph from *The World of Van Gogh* helps you to see more, feel more, know more about art... just imagine what a 188-page book can do for you. Or books about other masters.

The World of Van Gogh

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The World of Van Gogh introduces you to the TIME-LIFE Library of Art—a richly illustrated series that brings right into your home the best of 700 years of Western painting and sculpture. With several volumes in print, the Library has been highly praised by critics all over the country. Focusing on the work and the world of artists such as Michelangelo, Goya or Turner, each volume is a splendid gallery, an invaluable reference book and a pleasurable way of increasing your appreciation of art.

160 illustrations, 72 in full color

Written by Robert Wallace, *The World of Van Gogh* is 9" x 12", 188 pages, with 160 illustrations, many of them full- or double-pages. To help you see Van Gogh against the setting of his time and his contemporaries, the book also offers profusely illustrated chapters on Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as examples

of the work of Cézanne, Degas, Renoir, Monet and others. For all its luxurious features, the book costs only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. With it, you receive free a specially written 3,500-word essay on art history... plus a large, full-color chronology chart which lists 368 major Western artists.

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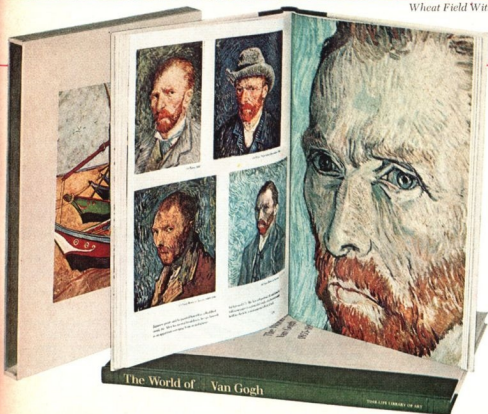
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you look at this painting?

Vincent Van Gogh Foundation, Amsterdam



Wheat Field With Crows, Auvers, July 1890



Other volumes
in the
TIME-LIFE
Library of Art:
The World of Picasso
The World of Manet
The World of Rembrandt

Painted all through his lifetime,
Van Gogh's many self-portraits
provide an illuminating
chronicle not only of his artistic,
but his psychic evolution.

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

Actual book size: 9" x 12".
Illustrated slipcase,
hard covers, 188 pages,
160 illustrations,
72 in full color.

A check list from Genesis. I, 28.

- ☒ Be fruitful, and multiply,
- ☐ and replenish the earth,
- ☒ and subdue it:
- ☒ and have dominion over the fish of the sea,
- ☒ and over the fowl of the air,
- ☒ and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.



mon in the military. He tells of the endless anxiety over fitness reports, of buck passing and attempts to protect one's own flanks from criticism. As captain, he was responsible for his vessel's seaworthiness, but he did not dare challenge his superiors. His career had already taken one unhappy turn when he failed to get the submarine command for which he was trained. *Pueblo* was a consolation prize, and with it he had to make good. He failed. Whatever the shortcomings of his superiors, Bucher did not train his men to use what equipment they had to deal with the emergency they met.

In the very process of proving that he had no choice but to surrender without shooting back, Bucher cannot quite bring himself to take total responsibility. He and subordinate officers were crouched in the pilot house, taking heavy fire while trying to make for the open sea. As Bucher tells it, Chief Warrant Officer Gene Lacy, in Bucher's presence, signaled "all stop" to the engine room. Bucher did not reverse the order and later, during the board of inquiry hearings, made no point of Lacy's action. Now he writes: "My most experienced officer, my most trusted friend aboard this ill-starred little ship, had robbed me of the last vestige of support in my efforts to save the mission."

But Bucher had no plan to "save the mission." To run would have meant only to be ravaged by gunfire and probably sunk in water shallow enough to allow the Koreans to salvage *Pueblo*'s secret materials. Acknowledging that, Bucher seems to desire company in failure. While accusing Lieut. Edward Murphy, the executive officer he disliked, of a "total lapse of initiative," Bucher admits that he himself "wanted to cry out for help from anybody with a sensible suggestion about *what to do*." From the young officers around him, as from the admirals far away, Lloyd Bucher received no such help.

■ Laurence I. Barrett

Survivor's Report

PLAY IT AS IT LAYS by Joan Didion, 214 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

If you like Joan Didion, you can count on her. Three pages into her new novel, the heroine says: "I am telling you how it was." That is the true Didion refrain. Whether in novels or essays, she is always trying to tell the way it is, always indicating the current physical and emotional temperature—it is usually over 100° outside and the climate of the soul is a parched desert.

For years she has had an enviable underground reputation, which *Play It As It Lays* will probably bring to the surface. Part of the attraction is consistency—Joan never flinches from repeating herself. Didion addicts feel they know all about her eccentricities: the preoccupation with striped sheets and the Hoover Dam, the way she regards hair

brushing as a form of existential prayer.

First in *Vogue* snippets, then in an early novel, and later in ultrapersonal magazine columns, the Didion girl-woman has taken shape. She is as sensitive as a Geiger counter, articulate in feeling but not in speech, an incurable romantic with vast moral expectations of herself and others—especially men. From her essays, faithful readers know that Joan Didion herself came to New York right after college, when "nothing was irrevocable; everything was within reach." Her life was changed by a lengthy romance with a callous fellow who force-fed her on more cynical wisdom of the world. When she told him she never wanted to get to be like him, he replied: "Nobody wants to, but you will." It is a judgment against which Joan is still flailing out, and her anger keeps her on the brink of staring-into-the-void depressions. In her lean, elliptical prose, she always writes about the thunderous passage of emotion through the brain, of battles lost for love or understanding, of desertion and disillusionment—the realm of psychic pain.

All the Aces. Because she comes from and writes about California, one would not at first associate her with the neo-Gothic literature of the South. Yet she has, in fact, brought the Southern mentality west. In a revealing essay about her native Sacramento Valley, she mourns the passing of a comfortable, interlocking gentry that were her ancestry. They built manor houses amidst



JOAN DIDION
But what was the game?

◀ This "advertisement"

is the idea of two people. Bill Gentry, copywriter, and Ed Szep, art director.

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their vast fields of hops and tomatoes, ignoring post-World War II newcomers who brought real estate developments and aerospace factories—until the parvenus usurped their world. Like Faulkner, Didion has an overwhelming awareness of human corruption and a sense of unfathomable doom.

The new book moves out of the valley to the ideal backdrop for modern despair: the movie colony in Los Angeles. The heroine is Maria Wyeth, an occasional actress married to a young director. The story of Maria's decline from depression to breakdown is told in 84 brief, cinematic takes—84 direct hits on a fragile psyche.

Maria seems to have "all the aces," as a friend tells her, but she wonders: "What was the game?" She is still melancholic over her mother's death. She can scarcely focus on the few roles she gets. Her husband behaves either like a nagging parent or a smart-aleck child. Her friends are a menacing cadre of heartless hedonists—careless to the bone, drinking, turning on, brutalizing each other in word and sexual deed.

Homicidal Eve. Things happen: Maria aborts another man's child, tries to find the vanished Nevada hamlet where she grew up, is a passive accomplice in a friend's suicide. Mostly, though, the book is a fever chart of psychic pain. Maria cries constantly. She drives the freeways maniacally. She alternately ignores friends or calls them in the middle of the night. All of what Robert Lowell called "the kingdom of the mad"—its hackneyed speech, its homicidal eye—is here. Maria's private hell is constantly invaded by real-life demons of the show business world, which has perhaps never been so wretchedly portrayed.

Amidst the efflorescence of Women's Lib, Joan Didion might easily be confused with the new sisterhood of grievance collectors who blame men for everything. True, she thinks that men fail women. But she also feels that women are careless and callous, and that both sexes spend time and love and integrity as if they were unloading counterfeit money. Obsessed by waste and loss, she is a brooder who sifts her experience over and over again. The last lines of *Play It As It Lays* appear in a paraphrase throughout her work. They imply questioning—and possibly a survivor's grudging affirmation.

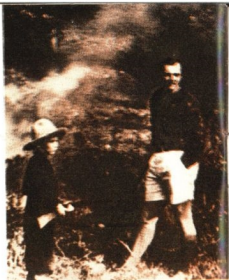
Why? he says.
Why not, I say.

■ Martha Duffy

Father by Son

MY FATHER'S HOUSE by Philip B. Kunhardt Jr. 239 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

In the mind of an admiring son, a father has no first and last name. He is simply "my father." Few boys, however, maintain that specialized vision into their manhood. Their fathers' frailties, their faults and even their humdrum similarity to every father anywhere soon begin to



THE KUNHARDTS IN 1934

And a specialist in the zombie play.

blur the individual image. But for Philip Kunhardt, in this recollection of his years with Father, the memories of the boy needed no later adjustment by the grown man. Indeed, Kunhardt, now 42, still remembers his father with such unalloyed love that nowhere in the book does he think to refer to him by name.

Philip B. Kunhardt Sr. did have a certain natural head start on gaining any son's affections. He could pack endless snowballs with his bare hands; he could be blindfolded, spun around a hundred times and still point unerringly north; and he could throw the perfect football pass for the special secret "zombie play." It also helped that he was willing to undertake immediately any worthy big idea, such as going 90 miles to the beach on bikes; against such enthusiasm for grand adventure, Mother could hardly insist on being too sensible.

Beyond these invaluable assets, Kunhardt Sr. seems miraculously to have maintained a complete involvement in the doings of his four children without being at all mawkish about it. He kept a stuffed folder on each one, including curls from the first haircut, report cards, notes to and from family members.

Author Kunhardt, who is an assistant managing editor of LIFE, decided to write about his father while recuperating from a heart attack 1½ years ago. Six years earlier, his father had died of such a heart attack. With this brutally physical reminder of a shared mortality, Kunhardt realized that with the passing of time, the memory and the image of his father were slipping away from him. His need was not so much to understand as to rediscover the essence of the man.

In the end, as a friend had observed, "my father's love for me, as your father's for you, has left me able to take up cycles of my own and to start them in my children." In this old-fashioned and wonderfully sentimental book, Kunhardt has evoked the sources of his own knowledge of and affection for life.

■ José M. Ferrer III

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frosty bottle, boys,
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